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## TOPICS OF THE DAY.

WHAT will the Session, now just opening, bring forth? At the very beginning it is likely to bring forth a certain amount of conversation on two very interesting subjects—the American War and the Polish Insurrection. Parliament can do nothing in either case; but, perhaps, for that very reason it will talk the more. Although the country will doubtless preserve the strictest neutrality, as heretofore, it is not likely that American affairs will escape with as little criticism in Parliament this Session as they did last. Whether mediation, or the recognition of the South, or an alliance with the North to subdue the South, be proposed (and there is no project so absurd but that some member might be found to bring it forward), or whether no formal motion be made on the American question at all, it is quite certain that, somehow or other, the question will be a good deal discussed; and that the Americans will have many opportunities of ascertaining the opinions and feelings of our lawgivers on the subject of their internecine strife, and the reasons and pretexts on which it is being carried on.

There has been less talk and the newspapers have published fewer articles of late about America; but, in spite of Exeter Hall meetings, most persons seem to be convinced as much as ever that the war can only end in one manner—by the formal recognition of that separation of the South from the North

which has now virtually existed for a considerable time. Prophets of ill-omen (as we must really consider them) go so far even as to declare that the damage done to the American Union will not terminate with the loss of the South, but that the Western States will also, in due time, form a Confederation by themselves. It is in the name of commercial interests that this new political schism is announced; and when, at some distant period, the true history of the struggle between North and South is written, by the Kinglake of the period, it will no doubt be acknowledged that the unwillingness of the two great sections of the American Republic to live under the same tariff had as much to do with the war as the question of the maintenance or abolition of slavery. This view was, we believe, first put forward in England by a well-known merchant, the author of a clever book in favour of the South and of the letters on American affairs, in the *Times*, signed "S."; and it seems quite natural, to the high commercial mind, that an agricultural country wishing to supply itself with cheap manufactured goods should refuse to live under the same Government with a manufacturing country which desires to keep up the price of manufactured goods and will not admit them from abroad except at an enormous duty. Of course the Southern leaders cannot go into action calling out "Cheap pocket-handkerchiefs or death!" nor can the Northerners make "High protective duties for ever!" their battle-cry; nor do

we mean to say that they are fighting for commercial advantages at all, just at present. They are fighting to cut one another's throats; but that does not alter the fact that Northerners and Southerners have conflicting interests, and that those conflicting interests have a great deal to do with the war.

There can be no mistake as to what people are fighting for in Poland, whence very painful accounts continue to be received. Up to the time of our writing the number of the insurgents was said to be increasing, and in one place they were reported to form a compact body of as many as six thousand men, armed, for the most part, with firearms. We say these accounts are painful, because if the Poles, in 1830, with 35,000 troops, led by some of the best officers in Europe, were unable to make head against the forces of Russia, what can they hope to do now without a single company of regular soldiers? Russia, it is true, is not so strong now as she was thirty-three years ago, but she could throw two hundred thousand men all the same into Poland. The present plan of the insurgents, as far as they can be said to have any plan at all, seems to be to wait for the Russian troops close to the Prussian and Austrian frontiers, so that, after receiving their attack, they may, if defeated, have a safe retreat open to them. There is, to be sure, a treaty between the three partitioning Powers by which they agree to harbour no Polish



THE INSURRECTION IN POLAND.—POLISH PRISONERS BEING CONVEYED TO THE FORTRESS OF KALISCH.—SEE PAGE 87.



refugees and to unite in putting down Polish insurrections wherever they may break out; but great scandal has been already caused in Europe by the proceedings of Russia; and we do not suppose Prussia and Austria are anxious to bear a portion of its shame. Besides, Russia some time since intimated that she did not consider this treaty to be longer binding, so the other two Powers are at liberty to act in the matter as they deem fit.

In considering to what extent the Russian or Russo-Polish Government at Warsaw is responsible for this last outbreak, it should not be forgotten that several months ago the Russian Government was warned that if it persisted in carrying out its iniquitous system of conscription, or rather proscription, to use what is really the proper word, that vast consequences would follow; and last autumn some three hundred of the principal landed proprietors in Poland requested Count Andrew Zamoyski to present an address to the Grand Duke Constantine assuring him that "the measures hitherto put in force had excited the people to such a degree that neither military force, nor special tribunals, nor prisons, nor transportation, nor the scaffold could put them down;" but that, on the contrary, they were "provoking an excessive exasperation which would urge the nation upon a path equally fatal to governors and governed." This did not look much like a conspiracy among the leading men of the country, who, moreover, assured the Grand Duke that they did not (as had been alleged) "refuse to take part in the formation of new institutions," only that they could not support the Government unless it were composed of Poles, and unless all the Polish provinces under the Russian Crown were united, and endowed with a "Constitution and free institutions."

"In his proclamation," the address concluded, "the Grand Duke has spoken of our country with respect, and shown that he understands our attachment to it. Now, this country cannot be divided; and if we love our country we must love it entire in the limits which God has given it, and which history has consecrated." The fact that this address is not only not received, but that Count Zamoyski was exiled before he had even an opportunity of presenting it, shows clearly enough that there is not much chance of Russia accepting the only terms of reconciliation which are likely to be proposed by the Polish nobility. These terms can scarcely be considered unreasonable by Englishmen, as they accord precisely with the conditions under which Poland was given over to Russian dominion by the Treaty of Vienna. "A representation and national institutions" are therein guaranteed to all Poles, whether placed under the rule of Russia, Austria, or Prussia, though the guarantee has proved so far worthless that the only part of Poland in which Polish has been maintained as the official language is the kingdom, where the Russians allow no kind of representation; while the only parts in which representative rights are granted are Galicia and Posen, where the Austrians and Prussians take care not to appoint Polish functionaries, and will scarcely tolerate a Polish school.

## Foreign Intelligence.

### FRANCE.

The Senate agreed almost unanimously to the Address to the Emperor in reply to his Speech, the only dissident being Prince Napoleon, who alone recorded his vote against the Address. The point to which the Prince's opposition is believed to have been directed was the assertion that Italy no longer desired Rome for its capital, and that the Romans had ceased to wish for union with the rest of the people of the Peninsula. In the Chamber of Representatives there are very few independent members; but those that are there seem determined to make their presence felt. They have moved a series of amendments on the Address to the Imperial Speech, which, if means for checking their discussion is not found, will reopen the whole French policy. The first of these demands the right of free discussion and a free press as the necessary corollary to a right of election. It complains that the word "liberty" is always used by the Government, while it is always denied to the people. It asks either that they should be allowed to enjoy liberty or be saved from listening to the taunt of its many advantages. Another amendment relates to Mexico and condemns the whole principle and policy of that "ill-defined adventurous expedition." A third condemns in scornful language the reforms promised by the Pope, insists that Rome belongs to the Romans, and declares that the French occupation of Rome ought not to continue. Another amendment claims for the workmen the right of combination, and another still calls for the establishment of proper municipal institutions. Nobody supposes these amendments will be carried, but their discussion is the thing to be dreaded by the Government.

### THE PAPAL STATES.

An official announcement was made by the Government on Jan. 30 that bonds of 100 scudi each, amounting in all to 4,000,000 scudi, will be issued, bearing 5 per cent interest. These bonds are to be redeemable at par in fifteen years, commencing from the 1st of January, 1864, by means of a lottery drawn twice a year. The issue of bonds of 85 scudi will take place until the 31st of March next, of bonds of 90 scudi until the 31st of May, and of bonds of 95 scudi until the 31st of July next.

### PRUSSIA.

The draught of the Address proposed by the party most hostile to the Government was carried in the Chamber of Deputies by an overwhelming majority—255 against 68. The minority is composed of the partisans of the old feudal knot, of those few eccentric politicians who follow the lead of the able but unreliable Von Vincke, and of the Roman Catholic members. In Saturday's sitting of the Chamber a letter was read from Herr von Bismarck to the President of the Chamber, wherein the former states that the King cannot be induced to receive a deputation from the Chamber for the presentation of the Address. The President of the Chamber, therefore, proposed that the Address should be sent direct to the King as a letter, which was agreed to without debate.

The Upper House of the Parliament of Prussia, or at least a large portion of it, have come forward as mediators in the dispute between the King and the Lower House. Fifty of the members belonging to the different political parties have prepared an Address to his Majesty, pointing out that each of the three Legislative powers of the State have exceeded their rights, and that the Constitution does not prescribe which of the three is to yield in case of dissension. The Members say they do not wish the Crown to infringe the law, and they hope that, by moderation and strictly legal means, the present dangers of anarchy and absolutism may be averted, and promise their support to any project of agreement between the Crown and the Lower House.

### AUSTRIA.

A Vienna paper states that an Austrian Minister of State will shortly proceed to Venice, to announce to the inhabitants extensive reforms which will be granted by the Emperor.

### GREECE.

Mr. Elliot has announced to the Greek Government that the Duke of Saxe-Coburg has consented to become a candidate for the throne of Greece, and that he will nominate his nephew, the Prince of Coburg-Kohary, his heir. The latter, it is stated, will embrace the Greek religion. This intelligence has produced a favourable impression. Similar intelligence comes from a variety of sources, all tending to confirm the statement that all difficulties in the way of Duke Ernest's acceptance of the crown are in a fair way of being overcome.

### BRAZIL.

News from Rio de Janeiro of the 9th ult. inform us that the British Legation has demanded an indemnity for the unlawful appropriation of the cargoes of certain English vessels wrecked on the coast of the Rio Grande, as well as satisfaction for the imprisonment of three English naval officers, and that the Brazilian Government having refused these demands, the English seized five merchant-vessels. An arrangement was, however, finally made, under which the Brazilian Government will pay an indemnity to be fixed at London. The other question has been submitted to the arbitration of the King of the Belgians. The occurrences created some excitement, which has now, however, died away.

### THE INSURRECTION IN POLAND.

A letter from Warsaw of the 28th of January contains some interesting details relative to the insurrection. It appears that the most serious conflicts between the troops and the insurgents took place at Plock-Surage and Bodzentyn. The tocsin was rung at one in the afternoon, and the inhabitants then joined the insurgents who were assembled in the neighbourhood. Thus reinforced, they attacked a company of Russian infantry. The contest was obstinate and sanguinary and lasted all night. The Colonel commanding the troops was killed; but the troops finally prevailed and captured one hundred and sixty of the insurgents, together with their chief, Kowalewski. In the village of Surage, in Podolia, the insurgents had several engagements; first with small detachments of soldiers, whom they disarmed; afterwards with a battalion of 1000 Russian soldiers who came to the assistance of the others. The insurgents, though armed only with scythes, rushed upon the troops, of whom forty were killed and as many wounded, and who finally retreated. The third affair took place at Bodzentyn, where 600 persons—men and women, armed with knives, daggers, and revolvers—at the sound of the tocsin, attacked the officers in their houses and the soldiers in their barracks. The barracks were captured and the sentinels killed. One officer was stabbed with a poniard, and the troops driven out of the town. In Kozenice the population disarmed the soldiers in the barracks without injuring any of them. At Stogienice the inhabitants likewise disarmed the troops in the barracks, and captured eight pieces of cannon, which were afterwards reaken. There was a collision at Radzyn. In this affair Dr. Oyrock, one of the most respected persons in the country, lost his life. There were about 50 others killed and wounded. More than 50 villages in that district rose in insurrection on the night of Jan. 22. The writer adds that the insurrection is at present suppressed in some of these places. The insurgents, nevertheless, maintain themselves in the open country. The entire country is in commotion, and the public feeling is roused to the highest pitch. The majority of the wealthier inhabitants are taking refuge at Warsaw. The bridge over the Lwowiec has been destroyed, and the communications between St. Petersburg and Warsaw are difficult. The Polytechnic School at Pulawy was surrounded by troops at the commencement of the insurrection, and the students were forced to remain within the walls. All classes of society are said to take part in the movement. The Jews figure in large numbers among the insurgents in the field. There is said to be a party among the higher classes desirous of proclaiming the Grand Duke Constantine King of Poland, and it is further said that this party is exciting the population of Warsaw to make a demonstration in that sense. An attempt of the kind was made in the citadel on the 27th of January. Many persons uttered cries of "Consantine for ever!" "Poland for ever!" A great many of the conscripts confined in the citadel took part in the manifestation. The Russians have already lost five Colonels, and have likewise lost several Lieutenant-Colonels and Majors, together with M. Schewetoff, a Councillor of State, one of the organisers of the insurrection. Several Colonels and other superior officers had been made prisoners by the insurgents. The Russian army seems also to be infected with the spirit of insurrection, for it is stated that a few days ago there were at least forty Russian officers in the ranks of the insurgents.

The authorities are dealing in a very sanguinary manner with those of the rebels who fall into their hands. In one town, Kozenice, fifty captured insurgents were shot in one day in the public square.

It is but just to Austria to state that her authorities are acting with humanity towards the numerous malcontents who quit the kingdom, and to those who proceed to it in order to join the movement. Certain atrocities alleged to have been committed by the insurgents are denied; they are positively declared to be mere inventions of the Russians. Large detachments of Russian troops are posted on the line of railroad between Warsaw and the last-mentioned place, which is on the frontier of Prussian Silesia, but rails are frequently taken up and carried away by the insurgents, who appear to be spread all over the western and south-western parts of the kingdom of Poland. The Polish youths are of opinion that it is better to die in their native country than to be draughted into the army and sent off to Siberia or the Caucasus, and hence the reason of the present desperate outbreak.

Shortly before the "rebellion" broke out the Russians in Vienna spoke much of the enormous military force in the kingdom of Poland; but it now appears that the army which the Grand Duke Constantine has at his disposal is so small that he cannot venture to send any reinforcements from the capital to the outlying districts. The conscripts in Podolia, Volhynia, and Lithuania are almost as unruly as their fellow-countrymen in the kingdom of Poland. In Austrian military circles it is believed that the insurrection in Poland will be unsuccessful; but the general opinion is that weeks, and even months, will elapse before peace is entirely restored.

### THE OFFERED REFUGE TO THE POPE AT MALTA.

The facts connected with a matter which has excited much discussion—an interview between the Pope and Mr. Odo Russell, in which a passing allusion was made to Malta, are thus narrated by a Roman correspondent:—

Let us come now to a true statement of the facts. Last summer, towards the end of July, Mr. Odo Russell, who was about to leave Rome for England, had an audience of the Pope, *pour prendre congé*. Garibaldi was then in Sicily, and an opinion was generally prevalent that he would again revolutionise the Neapolitan provinces, and lead an army of victorious volunteers to the very walls of the Vatican. The Pope himself, mindful of Castelfidardo and the loss of the Marches and Umbria, in spite of the French Emperor's protestations of devotion to the Holy See, did not trust greatly to French protection in this emergency, but applied to the Austrian Ambassador to know whether, in case of his being obliged to withdraw from Rome in order to preserve the independence of the Church, the Austrian Government would afford him a residence in Venice? A similar application was made to the Spanish Minister for a refuge in Seville; but both requests were unfavourably received, and both Governments replied that the presence of the Pope in their territory would seriously embarrass them.

As a *pis-aller*, or perhaps without any real intention respecting the future, his Holiness said to Mr. Odo Russell, "Mio caro, Signor Russell, you are about to return to London; find out whether I am to rely upon the assistance and protection of the British Government in case of need." Mr. Russell replied that he was convinced that the mere expression of such a wish on the part of the Pope would immediately bring a British vessel of war to the port of Civita Vecchia, to transport him wherever he might wish to go; such courtesy was practised by the British Government to all Sovereigns.

You see, then, that Mr. Odo Russell's offer was not an obtrusive and unwelcome suggestion, but merely an unofficial reply to a direct question from the Pope. Of course, Mr. Russell applied for more precise instructions from the British Government, when he went to London early in August, and the result was that when he returned to Rome in November he confirmed to Cardinal Antonelli what he had previously stated to the Pope respecting the readiness of our Government to place a ship of war at his disposal, with a captain, *en route* for any other destination, or to stay there, a palace would be immediately provided for him and his suite. The French Minister's statement that Mr. Russell's offer to the Pope was renewed at Christmas is quite incorrect.

## THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

### GENERAL NEWS.

President Lincoln had signed the bill for a further issue of 100,000,000 dols. Treasury notes for the payment of the army, and had sent a message to Congress urging it to restrict the issues of irredeemable paper currency, and to tax the circulation of the banks. A finance bill had finally been agreed upon between Secretary Chase and the Committee of Ways and Means; it provides for the issue of 300,000,000 dols. in greenbacks, 300,000,000 dols. of three-year six per cent bonds, and 300,000,000 of twenty-year six per cent bonds. A bill had been introduced in the House of Representatives appropriating 10,000,000 dols. for the emancipation of the slaves in Maryland. A bill had been reported to the Senate to authorise letters of marque. Mr. Harding, of Kentucky, had made a furious speech against the emancipation proclamation.

General Fitz-John Porter had been found guilty of the charges brought against him and dismissed from the service. General Hitchcock had publicly accused General McClellan of disobedience of the President's orders, and it was supposed to be the intention to try General McClellan by court-martial.

The Governor of Jersey, in his Message to the State Legislature, denounces the emancipation proclamation and the illegal arrests, and recommends peace upon the basis of the Union of the States with their equality and rights unimpaired. Governor Lecher, of Virginia, had called out twenty-six regiments of militia from all counties near to the North Carolina line to aid in repelling any invasion of the enemy from that direction. The militia will rendezvous at Petersburg for six months' service.

The New York State Assembly at Albany had had nineteen tell-lotings without electing a Speaker. Very great excitement prevailed, and this was made the occasion for an attack upon the manner in which the war had been conducted. The State Legislature was urged to call upon the President to put General McClellan at the head of the War Department, and some competent naval officer at the head of the Navy Department.

The steamer Vanderbilt had returned to New York, after a long and unsuccessful cruise in search of Captain Semmes, and was to put to sea again immediately on the same errand. Another Confederate vessel, the schooner Retribution, carrying five guns, had appeared in the West India waters. She chased the Gilmore Meredith, of Baltimore, and the West Wind, into the harbour of St. Thomas on the 4th ult. A boat from the Retribution boarded the Gilmore Meredith during the night and took off five of her crew.

Some Confederate despatches seized by the Federals on the person of Mr. Reid Saunders, in October last, have been published by the United States' Government. The most important feature they purport to disclose is a scheme of the French Government to detach Texas from the Confederacy and make it a cotton-growing dependency of France. The French Consuls were dismissed from Galveston and Richmond in consequence. The order in the case of the latter was afterwards rescinded.

The Mexican Minister at Washington had complained to the Federal Government that he was refused permission to ship arms to a Mexican blockaded port, while it permitted the shipment of mules and waggon for the French in Mexico. Mr. Seward replied that he did not recognise a state of war as existing between Mexico and the Allies, as there had been no declaration of war; therefore the United States could not govern their conduct by the rules of neutrality, but the prohibition to ship arms applied to all nations, on the ground of the military necessities of the United States.

The Confederate authorities are said to be dissatisfied with the reception accorded by Earl Russell to Mr. Mason's scheme for raising money in England by hypothecating Southern cotton.

### WAR NEWS.

General Burnside had issued an address to the army of the Potomac, dated the 20th ult., in which he informs the army that they are about to meet the enemy once more. "The gallant actions in North Carolina, Tennessee, and Arkansas have," he says, "divided and weakened the enemy on the Rappahannock, and the auspicious moment has arrived to strike a great and mortal blow at the rebellion and gain the decisive victory which is due to the country." General Burnside calls for the firm and united action of officers and men, and the army will then have taken the great step towards restoring peace to the country and to the Government its rightful authority. Generals Franklin and Hooker's divisions moved off on the 20th ult., by the rear of Sumner's division, seven or eight miles above Falmouth, on the Rappahannock. Sumner's division remained opposite Fredericksburg, with orders to move at a moment's notice. General Burnside's intended forward movement, however, had been postponed in consequence of the state of the weather; and the army had resumed its old position. The Confederates had further strengthened their position behind Fredericksburg, and it was stated, were fully prepared for any atempt Burnside might make.

The Federals drove in the Confederate pickets eighteen miles below Kingston, North Carolina, on the 16th, and were advancing 60,000 strong, with twenty days' rations.

The last intelligence received from the armies of the West states that General Grant was making extensive preparations at Memphis for some important movement in a direction not yet made public. General McClellan was advancing up Arkansas River with the intention of attacking Little Rock, the capital of the State. General Rosecranz was being heavily reinforced, to enable him to push to Shelbyville, or to give battle to the Confederates at Murfreesboro', should they attack him there. The total loss of the Federals at Murfreesboro' is admitted by them to be 10,287 killed, wounded, and missing. General Longstreet (Confederate) was said to have taken thirteen brigades from Virginia into Tennessee, and to be preparing to attack Rosecranz immediately. General Bragg, in an address to his army, claims to have captured at Murfreesboro' 10,000 prisoners, 30 pieces of artillery, 7000 small arms, and 800 waggon.

The Federals had captured St. Charles, Duval's Bluff, and Derway, on the White River, Arkansas. Their light-draught gun-boats are 300 miles above the mouth of the White River.

The Confederates had captured and destroyed five Federal steamers laden with stores, and one gun-boat, up the Cumberland River. Four Federal war-steamer, two of them ironclads, had left New York for Port Royal. These and several other war-vessels previously dispatched to the same rendezvous, and forming a numerous fleet, are intended for simultaneous attacks upon Wilmington and Charleston. General Gustavus W. Smith is in command of the Confederate forces at Wilmington, where immense preparations for resistance have been made. The defences of Charleston, both by land and water, under the direction of General Beauregard, are highly formidable.

THE VALUE OF THE PAPAL REFORMS.—A letter from Rome of the 21th says:—"If you want to know what value to attach to the reforms projected by the Pontifical Government, listen to the Pope himself. The following words were uttered by him at the official reception of the Roman municipality on the 1st: 'Our protectors desire that we should have some reforms. We shall do so; but they will be of very little importance, and I can assure you they will make no change in the ancient order of things.' The rumour is revived at Rome that the ex-King Francis is about to leave for Venice."

GARIBALDI.—The Genoa journals publish a letter from Dr. Basile, one of Garibaldi's medical advisers, announcing his departure from Capri. Garibaldi's wound having so far healed that surgeons are no longer required. The General can walk with crutches, and has already been out fishing. Dr. Basile states that Garibaldi will be enabled to take equestrian exercise in a fortnight, if he chooses, the cure being all but complete. This is a grand success for science, and especially for M. Nélaton, to whom Garibaldi's friends intend to present a commemorative medal.



## IRELAND.

**A DRUNKARD'S BILL.**—At the Dungannon Quarter Sessions, last week, a case was brought by Elizabeth Moore, a widow in Cookstown, against Joseph Blake, a young man of that town, for £14 15s. 6d. for drink supplied from September, 1860, to October, 1862. The defendant, who was unable to attend from the excessive use of ardent spirits, had begun drinking in Moore's when between eighteen and nineteen years of age, at four glasses per day; but he soon increased his quantum, till at last he got to half a pint in the morning, three glasses and some other drink during the day, and then half a pint in the evening. Another day's work was half a pint in the morning, three glasses, and other drink. Mr. Moore—I suppose this is the most extraordinary case ever brought into Court in the way of drink. His Worship—How many feet long is that bill? Mr. Moore—Seven feet nine inches (Laughter). The case was adjourned to next Sessions, that plaintiff might furnish an account of the items of drink consumed in the house.

**ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE IN IRELAND.**—A letter, seemingly the production of a lawyer, has called attention to the hurried and unsatisfactory manner in which the business of the Irish circuits is managed; and thus describes the closing scene of a late assize at Dundalk:—"The Judge—who keeps perpetually consulting his watch, the railway time-table, and his registrar, and thereby materially aids his attention to the case—implores the counsel on both sides to 'pair off' and forego their addresses to the jury on behalf of their respective clients. The attorney for the plaintiff in vain implores Counselor A. to address the jury and clear up this important point in the evidence, while his opponent adjures Counselor B. not to permit the jury to remain in ignorance of the real bearing of the case. The Judge declares there is no time, and that there are four cases yet to be tried. His Lordship carries the day, and curtly charges the jury, who retire to their room, encountering as they leave the box the inrush of the new jury called in hot haste for the trial of the second record. Meanwhile his Lordship withdraws to ask his brother Judge in the Court to take up a couple of the remaining records, but gloomily returns on finding that the Crown Judge can give him no aid, as he has scarcely time enough to finish the criminal cases. The second record is proceeded with, and, far into the night, is at last closed as unsatisfactorily as the first. His Lordship then puts the dread alternative to the counsel in the remaining cases whether they will consent to enter them as remittances for the next Assizes or refer them to arbitration. The attorneys, hastily summoned in one of the remaining cases, in despair, adopt either course; but the parties in the fourth and fifth records insist on their going on. Meanwhile the carriage of the High Sheriff of the next county has been waiting in vain all the afternoon to convey their Lordships to the county town. At last, and late, a telegraph announces that the Sheriff's carriage is to be ready at five in the morning to meet the Crown Judge." Of course, the Sheriff, the grand and petty juries, the witnesses, and the county officers of the next county are all kept in useless attendance, and the same scramble goes on there when the Judges arrive, with the additional disadvantage that the business is already one day in arrears.

## THE PROVINCES.

**A FORTUNATE PAUPER EMIGRANT.**—In a bluebook just issued, relative to the education of pauper children, the following anecdote is recorded:—"Five or six years since sixteen young girls were sent from the workhouse school in the Portsea Island Union to Australia, where they were all soon comfortably settled, and turned out well. One of them had the good fortune to marry a man of considerable property, and, on her returning to England a short time afterwards, one of her first acts was to call, in her own carriage, at the workhouse, for the purpose of expressing her gratitude to the schoolmistress for those kind offices which had enabled her to achieve so favourable a position in life.

**AN UNSALABLE ARTICLE.**—During a sale at Sleaford the other day a farmer offered himself for disposal. The auctioneer refused to comply with his request unless he would pay a commission previous to the sale. To this he cheerfully assented. He was then introduced by the auctioneer as a gentleman possessing a large household property and of ample means, and his ability as a workman in his own branch of business was said to be very great. Another advantage was that he was a single man, and that his personal appearance would recommend him to any lady requiring a husband. The auctioneer, after appealing to the company several times, failed to dispose of the "bargain," having obtained only one bid—a half-crown.

**A STROKE OF FORTUNE.**—A splendid prize has just been picked up by the captain and crew of the Annie Vernon, a steamer trading between Newport, Monmouthshire, and other ports. While on her voyage off Holyhead she fell in with a large East Indian man which had been abandoned, took her in tow, and brought her in safely to the Mumbles. She was laden with teakwood and rice, and the cargo alone is valued at £70,000. The salvage will consequently yield to the captain such a sum as will enable him to retire, and the other officers and men will each have a handsome share. The vessel is supposed to have been deserted by her crew during the severe gales at the commencement of last week.

**EXTRAORDINARY, IF TRUE.**—A young collier and his sweetheart were walking near a coalpit among the hills between Merthyr Tydfil and Tredegar. She was on the eve of becoming a mother; and it would appear she pressed him to marry her, while he hung back from his repeated promises. They were standing by one of the pits; and, while so "arguing," the thought suddenly entered into his head, "one push, and I am free." He acted upon the thought, and with a terrible scream the poor victim of his passion fell into the black gulf. Fortunately, however, she wore a crinoline, and this so buoyed her up that she reached the bottom with only a few bruises, but so frightened that she had barely time to crawl away into the level ere the pangs of labour began; and when the colliers descended to their work the next morning their astonishment was indescribable upon seeing a poor girl with one dead and one living infant. She was instantly taken to the top of the pit and carried home on a stretcher. While the party were bearing her away the villain himself came to the spot, thinking he should see only a lifeless corpse; but great was his afflict when she suddenly rose up at the sound of his voice and denounced him to the crowd.

**PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.**—Danish landowners, among other costly gifts to Princess Alexandra on occasion of her marriage, will present her with a marble statue by Jerichan, the subject admirably chosen: Our first parents before the Fall. Eve, suddenly sprung into being, is gazing wistfully on Adam, who sits on the earth, and on whose left arm she is reclining. The clay model is now ready, and is pronounced a masterpiece, full of mild and delicate expression, and a worthy compeer to the same famous sculptor's "Adam and Eve after the Fall." The marble itself will be finished in a couple of years. As a State wedding gift the Princess is to receive 100,000 Danish dollars, of which about 21,000 will be asked at the hands of Holstein, while the rest will be paid by the Danish realm. The German Court-painter Lauchert, who was despatched to Copenhagen to take the portrait of her Royal Highness Princess Alexandra, has now completed his work. She has been taken both *en face* and *en profil*.

**THE PNEUMATIC DISPATCH COMPANY.**—The Pneumatic Dispatch Company having laid down a tube from the Euston railway station to the North-Western Post-office in Eversholt-street, an official inspection of it was made on Monday by Lord Stanley of Alderley, Sir Rowland Hill, of the Post Office, and several other gentlemen. The working of this novel mode of transit was satisfactory to those present, the letter-bags brought up by the North-Western Railway, which occupy ten minutes in the carriage to the Eversholt-street Post-office when conveyed in the usual way, having been blown through the company's tube in about a minute. Two men accompanied the carriage on one occasion, and they stated they felt no ill effects from the lightning-like rapidity of their transit. The company propose to carry their tube to the General Post Office, and they are sanguine in the expectation that they will soon revolutionise the system of conveying goods through the streets of London.

**ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.**—A meeting of this institution was held on Thursday at its house, John-street, Adelphi—John Chapman, Esq., F.R.S., V.P., in the chair. A letter was read from the Archbishop of Canterbury expressing the pleasure he experienced in becoming one of the presidents of the institution. Rewards, amounting to £104, were voted to the crews of the society's life-boats stationed at Calster, Pakefield, Bramton, Lytham, Melrose, North Berwick, and Broughty Ferry, Dundee, for saving, during the late fearful gales, the following shipwrecked crews:—Schooner Kezia, of Sunderland, 5; schooner Emily, of London, 3; barque Bonnie Dundee, of Dundee, 13; ship Louisa, of Bristol, 20; barque Robin, of Liverpool, 12; smack St. Patrick, of Bangor, 3; smack Elizabeth, of North Berwick, 3; Ketch Nenua, of Berwick-on-Tweed, 3. Rewards to the amount of £131 19s. were also granted to the crews of the life-boats of the society stationed at Yarmouth, Calster, Portcawl, Pakefield, Selsey, Blakeney, and Southport for putting off in reply to signals of distress with the view of saving life from different vessels, but which had either got out of danger or had their crews rescued by other means. The life-boats of the society had behaved admirably throughout the late fearful gales, not a single accident having happened either to boats or to their gallant crews. The silver medal of the institution was presented to Mr. William John, farmer, in acknowledgment of his gallant conduct in rushing into the surf and assisting to rescue, at great risk of life, the crew of twelve men from the Russian barque Henri Fortensin, which during a gale of wind was wrecked on Breakwater Point, Glamorganshire, on the night of the 19th ult. The society also voted £1 each to the three other men who had laudably assisted Mr. John on the occasion. Various other rewards were also voted for saving life from different wrecks. During the past month the society had stationed two new life-boats on the coast—one at New Brighton, near Liverpool, and the other at Newhaven, in lieu of a smaller boat which had been previously stationed at the latter place. The following legacies to the institution were reported at the meeting:—£2 10s. from the late Mr. Thomas Robinson, commercial traveller, of Manchester; £2 10s. from Mr. John Jolly, farmer, of Enstone; and £500 from Mr. T. A. Venables, of Worcester. Interesting reports were read from the inspector and assistant inspector of life-boats of the institution on their recent visits to its life-boat stations on various parts of the English coast. Payments amounting to upwards of £1200 having been made on various life-boat establishments, the proceedings terminated.

## MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The marriage of a Prince of Wales is an event of perfect novelty to the present generation. It is, in fact, an event of rarer occurrence in the annals of English history than most people are aware of or would readily believe. Of all the fourteen Princes who have borne this title only five married when they were in possession of it, and out of this small number one was married abroad. These Princes were, first, the renowned knight who won the triple plume and motto, Edward the Black Prince, who married Joan of Kent; second, Edward, the son of Henry VI., who at Amboise married Lady Anne Neville, the daughter of the Kingmaker; third, Prince Arthur, the son of Henry VII., who at fifteen years of age pledged his boyish vows to the unhappy Catherine of Aragon, afterwards the first of the many wives of his next brother, Henry; fourth, Frederick, eldest son of George II., who at the age of twenty-nine married Princess Augusta of Saxe-Gotha in the Chapel Royal, St. James's; and fifth, and last, the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV., to the ill-fated Caroline of Brunswick. In the long interval that has elapsed since the marriage of the last Prince mentioned, the Chapel Royal at St. James's Palace has been hallowed by two marriages based on the purest affection—those of her Majesty and the Princess Royal. We wish we could add that the approaching ceremony, equally founded on sincere affection and promising to be equally auspicious, was to be solemnised in the same building of happy augury. But this is not to be, and it would be idle to conceal the fact that the decision that the marriage shall take place at Windsor has caused a deep and general disappointment in London.

At Windsor, then, the ceremonial is to be, and already arrangements are being made that the occasion may be celebrated with all the festive pageantry and state that become a day so eventful in our history. At present none of the minor details of the ceremony, or even the date of its celebration, are positively fixed. It has been announced that the 12th of March has been decided on, but the statement is certainly premature, and almost as certainly incorrect; inasmuch as it remains with the Danish Court to fix the day, and we believe that no intimation on this point has yet reached this country. According to present anticipations, it is expected that the marriage will take place either on Thursday, the 5th, or Tuesday, the 10th, of March, but this matter is still unsettled.

At the end of this month, or very early in March, Princess Alexandra will arrive in this country and disembark in State at Gravesend, where it is expected the Corporation will welcome her with as good taste as they displayed at the embarkation of the Princess Royal. On landing the Princess will be received by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who will accompany her to town by rail. From the railway-station to Buckingham Palace their Royal Highnesses, with their attendant suite, will be conveyed in State carriages—there will, in fact, be a public procession to the palace; and after this it is scarcely necessary to say a word about the manner in which London will welcome the bride of the Prince and its future Queen.

Arrangements in the interior of the Chapel Royal at Windsor are to be made forthwith to give sitting accommodation for 769 distinguished visitors to be invited at the marriage ceremony. About 50 more will stand in procession during the marriage, and these, with 100 choristers, 50 musical performers, and 50 officials and attendants—1000 in all—are the very most who can stand in the chapel. At present the workmen are very busy, under the supervision of Mr. Gilbert Scott, in restoring, or rather completing, the exquisite interior of the Wolsey Chapel. The groined roof of this fine old structure was only executed in plaster and composition. This has been entirely removed, and the plaster-work replaced in carved stone, the spaces between the rich tracery of the stonework being filled in with tiles, to be covered as soon as possible with the brilliant glass mosaics of Signor Salviati which attracted attention in the Exhibition last year. The now cheerless-looking windows are also to be filled in with stained glass. When complete, this will be one of the most beautiful little shrines in the kingdom. It is intended, we believe, as a memorial chapel to the late Prince Consort, and the expense of its restoration, which will amount to between £25,000 and £30,000, is entirely defrayed by the Royal children. It seems scarcely possible, however, that the whole of the interior can be completed in time for the marriage festivity. The eastern end of St. George's Chapel is also muffled up in canvas, where the workmen are busy removing that monument of George III.'s bad taste—the window designed by Benjamin West. This is to be replaced by her Majesty with a magnificent memorial window to the late Prince. It will need hard work and late work to get all these arrangements completed in time, more especially if the day for the marriage should be fixed for the 5th instead of the 10th of March.

Arrangements are being made in a great many places throughout the kingdom to celebrate the event in a befitting manner; and among other similar festivities it is proposed to have a grand banquet in the Royal Exchange, which has been placed by the Gresham Committee at the disposal of the promoters of the movement for the occasion. The question of generally wearing marriage favours on the wedding-day is being widely agitated, and the prevalent belief that this will be done has already had a marked influence on the demand for white ribbon at Coventry and elsewhere.

## DEATH OF THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE.

The Marquis of Lansdowne died on Saturday evening at Bowood, near Calne. Twelve days ago the deceased Peer stumbled and fell heavily as he was entering the house from the terrace at Bowood. He cut his head severely, dividing an artery, from which a violent hemorrhage ensued. At first no fatal consequences were apprehended from the accident, but on the seventh day the patient began to sink gradually, and for the five days which he continued to live he never once rallied.

The founder of the Lansdowne family, Dr. William Petty, Professor of Anatomy at Oxford, went to Ireland with £500, as physician to the Army—purchased soldiers' debentures at a premium, invested money in lands, which by his shrewdness he made pay cent per cent on the outlay, invented a double bottomed ship, and generally was keenly alive to his own interests; received the honour of knighthood, became member of Parliament for East Loos, helped to found the Royal Society, and died worth £15,000 a year. Sir William's daughter, Anne, married Thomas Fitzgerald, Earl of Kerry. A distinguished descendant of this couple—the Earl of Shelburne, who was said to be like Louis XVI.—after being First Lord of Trade, and Secretary of State under the elder Pitt, became, in 1782, after being in opposition for twelve years, Prime Minister of England, and was created Marquis of Lansdowne in 1784. By his first wife he had a son, whom he brought up in a ridiculous manner, and who led an eccentric and useless life, selling his library, living on board his yacht, and leaving Bowood to the owls and bats as far as he cared. The first Marquis married, secondly, Lady Louisa Fitzpatrick, daughter of the Earl of Upper Ossory and sister of the great Lord Holland's mother, by whom he had issue an only child, Henry Petty-Fitzmaurice (born July 2, 1780), the statesman whose death we have now to record. Lord Henry Petty went as a boarder to Westminster, having for his tutor a Mr. Debarry, of Trinity College, Cambridge; but he mixed very little in the society of the boys, though it is fair to say that he felt through life some interest in the school, was twice one of the stewards at the old Westminster dinners, and in 1847, as Lord President of the Council, presented the successful memorial of old Westminsters to the Dean in favour of the retention of the time-honoured "Play."

With Mr. Debarry Lord Henry went to Edinburgh, where Lord Fitzharris (Earl of Malmesbury) and Lord Ashburton were among the aristocratic students. In Edinburgh he attended the lectures of Dugald Stewart; and, in the Speculative Society, founded about thirty years previously, he met Sydney Smith, then bear leader to young Squire Beach of Wiltshire, Brougham, Horner, Jeffrey, and others. There were about that time congregated at the University of Edinburgh a greater number of men destined afterwards to be illustrious, and especially in politics, than were to be found in any other city of the British Isles.

Lord Henry afterwards went to Cambridge, and, after taking his

honorary degree of M.A. from Trinity College in 1801, he set out on a tour through France and Switzerland, in company with a M. Dumont, a great linguist, for whom the old Marquis procured some Government appointment. On his return he took his seat for Calne.

Lord Henry's maiden speech, on the 13th of February, 1804, against the (Irish) Bank Restriction Act, procured him many handsome compliments, notably one from Mr. Foster, formerly Speaker of the Irish House of Commons. Passing over his vehement protest against the paltry but destructive war in Ceylon, and his strong protest against the "additional force bill," we find his Lordship, in 1805, supporting (April 8) Mr. Whitbread's resolutions directed against Lord Melville's conduct. Lord Melville, First Lord of the Admiralty, was accused of being concerned, with Mr. Trotter, one of the officials in the Navy Office, and with Mr. M. Spott, a jobber in the funds, in certain questionable transactions, of which he was, however, acquitted. Lord Henry Petty, in an animated and fervid speech, which astonished the House and frightened the Ministry, denounced Lord Melville in no measured terms. Loud and prolonged cheering arose when the youthful orator "vindicated the honour of the public purse against a gross system of peculation," and the applause was renewed when he entreated Parliament to defend the safety and the existence of the country, which were endangered by the flagrant violation of a high trust by a nobleman to whom that trust was committed.

On Pitt's death, in 1806, Lord Grenville's Ministry ("all the talents") came into power, in spite of the animosity of the King and the Duke of York, and the opposition of Canning, and Lord Henry Petty, just twenty-six years old, kissed hands as Chancellor of the Exchequer. He stood for the University of Cambridge, and was elected, the votes being—for Lord Henry Petty, 334; for Lord Althorp, 141; and for Lord Palmerston, 128.

His Budget was welcomed at first by an unanimous chorus of approval from his friends. The style of the speaker was good, even to brilliancy—his manner easy and fluent, even to levity. It was said that the loss of Pitt was supplied by Lord Henry Petty. But after a few days the "clever Budget" came to grief. Lord Henry extended the excise duties as far as to introduce the excise man into the premises of any gentleman who brewed his own beer. All Kent rose against this proposition, and the clause was withdrawn. The manufacturers got up an agitation against the taxation of unwrought iron; and this clause too was withdrawn. When the youthful Chancellor of the Exchequer thought fit to make up the deficit arising from these abortive schemes by proposing in a jaunty, cool manner to add 10 per cent to the assessed taxes and to increase the property and income tax from 6½ to 10 per cent, the Budget was not thought a success. The Ministry was in trouble about the abolition of the slave trade, the Royal family and Mr. Windham being against abolition, while Lord Grenville, Spencer, and Henry Petty vehemently supported it. But the great *crux* of "all the talents" was Roman Catholic emancipation. The King detested it; half his Ministers were against it, half for it. The Duke of Bedford, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, communicated to the Cabinet the fact that certain influential Irish Roman Catholics had sent a deputation to the Castle on the subject of their claims. The Cabinet proposed to the King to allow Romanists to hold commissions in the Army, and the King at first refused, then consented to allow a clause to this effect to be inserted in the Mutiny Act. After all the King drew back from his word, the Ministry vacillated, and then resigned. The account of Lord Henry's chancellorship would not be complete without a mention of his resolutions of May, 1806, for the more effectual examination of the public accounts. Can any living politician remember without astonishment the revelations made by Lord Henry Petty—how £445,000,000 remained unaccounted for—how the Navy accounts, the store accounts, the barracks accounts, the accounts for the Egypt and Holland expeditions, were not yet examined?

Lord Henry Petty, after leaving office, contested Cambridge once more; but the tide was turned—he was no longer the young man that had the leaves and fishes to dispose of. The votes were—for the Earl of Euston, 324; for Sir Vicary Gibbs (Attorney-General), 313; for Lord Palmerston, 310; for Lord Henry Petty, 265. The "No Popery" cry did it all. Lord Henry took refuge in Camelford, but very shortly succeeded to the peerage in the room of his half-brother.

The subject of our notice, now become third Marquis of Lansdowne, remained for twenty years in the Opposition. He was still ardent in favour of the abolition of slavery, and in 1814 and 1821 brought the subject before the House of Lords. So far back as 1820 he advocated free trade and the abolition of all restrictions on commerce, and warmly supported the claims of the Roman Catholics to "emancipation." In 1827 he became Home Secretary in the Ministry which Lord Goderich, afterwards Earl of Ripon, formed on the death of George Canning. He was President of the Council in Earl Grey's Reform Ministry of 1830-4. From 1835 to 1841, and again from 1846 to 1852, the noble Marquis held this office. In the latter period he reorganised the Committee of Council on Education, Sir James Kay Shuttleworth being the guiding spirit of the new system. In 1852 Lord Lansdowne announced his retirement from political life. The noble Marquis, on Lord Derby's retirement in December, 1852, was pressed to take the premiership, but declined, though he accepted the position of a Cabinet Minister without holding any office.

Lord Lansdowne, who was LL.D. (1811) of Cambridge, K.G. (1836), and Lord Lieutenant of Wiltshire, married, March 30, 1808, Lady Louisa Fox Strangways, fifth daughter of Henry Thomas, second Earl of Hchester, by whom (who died April 3, 1851) he had issue two sons and a daughter. William Thomas, Earl of Kerry, M.P. for Calne, died Aug. 21, 1836, leaving issue by his wife (a daughter of Lord Duncannon) an only child, who married, Oct. 4, 1860, the Hon. Colonel Percy Herbert, heir presumptive to the earldom of Powis. The successor to the title and estates is Henry, Earl of Shelburne, born Jan. 5, 1816, educated at Westminster, and M.P. for Calne from 1837 to 1856, when he was called up to the House of Lords as Baron Wycombe. He has been Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and is chairman of the Great Western Railway Company. His Lordship married first, in 1840, Lady Georgiana Herbert (daughter of George Augustus, eleventh Earl of Pembroke), who died in 1841; secondly, Nov. 1, 1843, Emily, eldest daughter of Count de Flahaut and the Baroness Keith and Nairne, by whom he has three children; his eldest son, Lord Fitzmaurice (now Earl of Shelburne), being born Jan. 14, 1845.

LORD PALMERSTON, it seems, has been unable to grant a life pension to the widow of the late Sheridan Knowles, solely because there is no vacancy upon the scanty fund which is allocated for such a purpose. The Premier, in a letter expressive of his regret at this circumstance, has announced that all he can at present do is to direct that a small donation should be made to her.

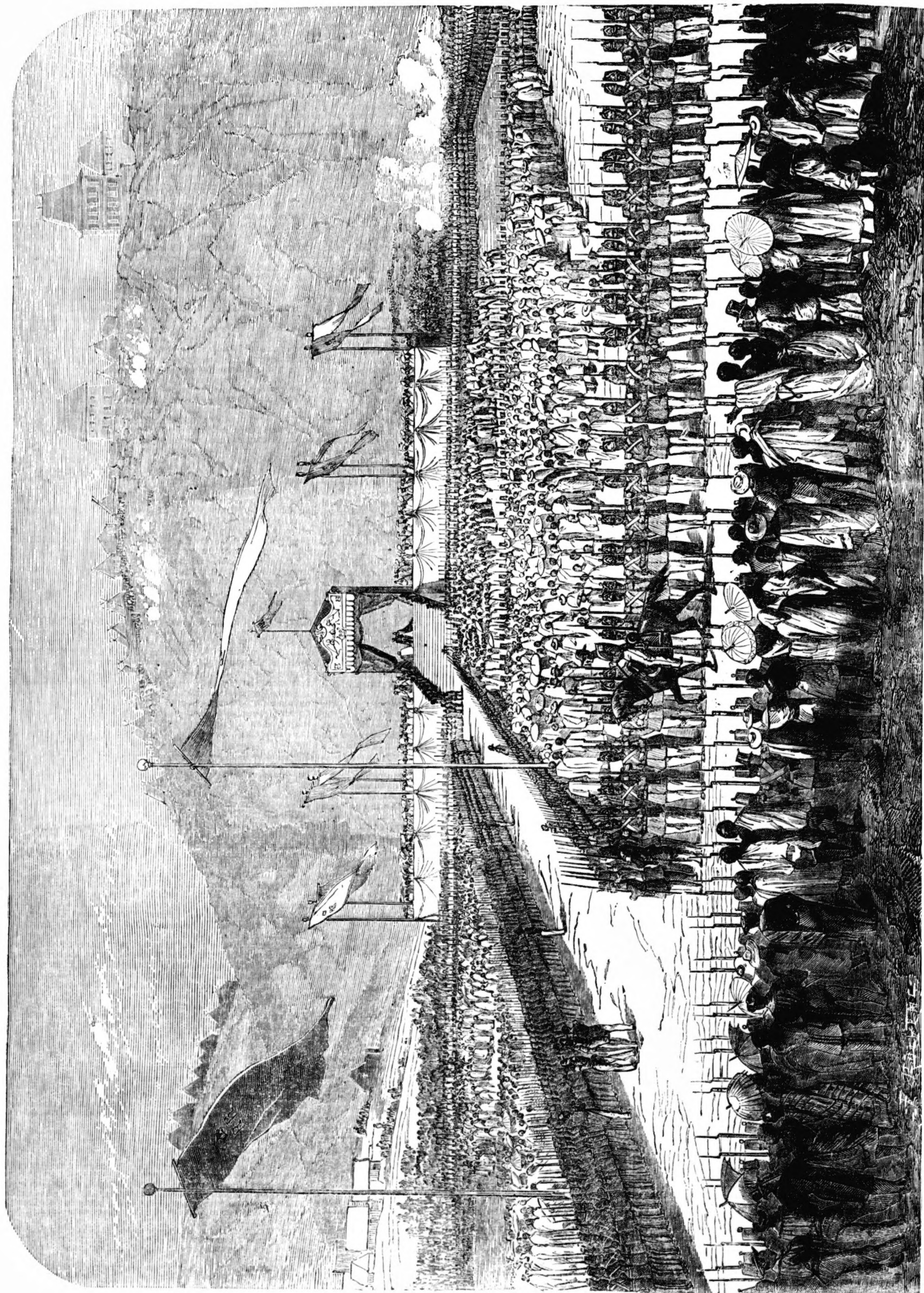
**A MANIA FOR UPSETTING RAILWAY-TRAINS** seems to have taken possession of a certain class of persons. Some railway "chairs" were placed on the line of the South-Western Railway, near Dorchester, on Saturday; and the Great Northern Railway Company has offered a reward of £50 for the discovery of the parties who perpetrated a similar crime on their line between the Seven Sisters station and Holloway.

**FITZROY EPISCOPAL CHAPEL**, St. Saviour's District, Fitzroy-square, St. Pancras, was entered by skeleton keys on Sunday night last and surplices, minister's valuable gown, vergers' gown, clothes belonging to the Dorcas and Maternal Society stolen, together with the contents of the church missionary and poor boxes.

**MR. WILLIAM STOKES**, who has devoted his energies to the dissemination of the science of mnemonics, is engaged by the Polytechnic Institution to lecture upon his system of memory, which is of unparalleled simplicity and power.

**AMERICAN SLAVERY.**—A movement has been commenced to give expression to public feeling in reference to the abolition of slavery in America. A large meeting—or rather three meetings, for the crowd had to be divided into three assemblies—was held last week at Exeter Hall, and on Tuesday evening a meeting took place in Southwark, at all of which resolutions in support of President Lincoln's proclamation were passed. A deputation from the Anti-Slavery Society also waited, on Tuesday, upon Mr. Adams, the American Minister, to present to him a resolution passed by that body, in which they hailed the President's proclamation as the deathblow to the project for founding a new State on the principle of perpetuating the obnoxious system of personal bondage. Similar meetings have likewise been held in various towns in the provinces.





PUBLIC CORONATION OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR.—(FROM A SKETCH BY M. A. FAIX.)



# THE CORONATION OF RHADAMA II.

OUR readers will remember that we some time since gave an account of the condition of the island of Madagascar, of the intrigues and former cruelties of the Queen, Ravanalalo, and of the succession of her son, under the title of Rhadama II., with a more merciful policy and a decided bias in favour of French institutions. Our Engraving this week represents the coronation, which took place on the 23rd of September, and was accompanied by a State display which drew all the inhabitants of the island to witness the ceremony, the representatives of France and England having arrived some days previously. On the evening of the 19th the firing from the batteries startled the people, who, on inquiring the meaning of the salute, learned that it expressed the pardon of all the partisans of Ramboa Salam—an act of clemency the more remarkable as Rhadama had not confided his intentions to any of his advisers, but acted with the same independence as led him during the reign of his mother to release the prisoners who were condemned to death on the following morning.

On the day of the coronation the King exhibited a grave and even a solemn demeanour, and early in the morning desired his religious director to celebrate mass in the chamber of the Queen, his mother, and consecrate the crown which had been sent him by the Emperor of the French. This, again, is a proof that in everything Rhadama desires to conform to European customs, since the private coronation was entirely destitute of any of the forms which belong to the native usage. The French priest, placing the crown on the head of the King, said, "Sire, I pray God that he will bless you and grant you a long reign, to his glory and to the happiness of the people of Madagascar."

The cortege of the public coronation consisted of the French and English representatives, the native Princes, Ministers, and officers of State, and a crowd of attendants. They proceeded by the principal street and past the French Consulate (when the King paused on the spot where his mother had formerly attempted to impose the child Rakoot upon the people as their legitimate Sovereign) to the Champ de Mars, where an enormous concourse of people, numbering more than 300,000, awaited their coming. The troops formed a complete hedge from the Royal palace to this place, where they were drawn up into squares, leaving between them the necessary space for the passage of the cortege to the centre of the Champ de Mars, where the throne had been prepared. It is at this spot that the sacred rock is discovered where the Kings of Madagascar have time out of mind presented themselves to the people. It is a circular stone about 9ft. high, cemented round with great care, and leaving its natural surface at the top, where was placed the Royal chair, the feet of which rested upon the bare stone under a pointed purple and gold canopy supported by columns. On each side extended two long estrades on the same level as the throne, that on the right being reserved for the French and English Plenipotentiaries, that on the left for the ladies of the Royal family, among whom was observed one of the wives of Rhadama I.

On reaching the foot of the steps leading to the throne the King, who was on horseback, dismounted, received the Royal mantle, and ascended to the chair, where he first placed the crown upon his own head and afterwards upon that of his Queen, Rabonde. While he ascended the steps the King's mantle was supported by his adopted brother, M. Lambert. His Majesty, after addressing the people, received the oaths of fidelity from the chiefs of the tribes, who were represented by deputations with their respective flags and emblems. The impressive ceremony terminated with a grand festival.

## ADMIRAL JURIE DE LA GRAVIERE.

VICE-ADMIRAL JURIE DE LA GRAVIERE, who has just resigned the command of the French fleet at Vera Cruz, has distinguished himself not only as a naval officer but as an author—as one of the historians whose works have best recounted the glories of the French Navy; and the "Souvenirs d'un Contre-amiral"



ADMIRAL JURIE DE LA GRAVIERE, LATE COMMANDER OF THE FRENCH SQUADRON AT VERA CRUZ.

are to be found in the hands of almost every officer in the fleet. The characters and technical descriptions therein contained are rendered with singular ability, and with a style alike familiar and picturesque.

During the Crimean War the Admiral was commander of a vessel, and chosen to be the chief of the staff of Admiral Bruat. It is well known that many of the principal services rendered by the French fleet at that time were performed under his direction; and on the occasion of our review at Spithead M. Jurie was commissioned by the Emperor to bring his congratulations to the Queen. During the French operations in Mexico the Vice-Admiral has taken the command of the squadron at Vera Cruz. His first mission was to institute an inquiry into the state of affairs both there and in the capital. One of the last acts effected by him has been the occupation of Tampico by the French troops, who were conveyed thither by the transports attached to the fleet.

Rear-Admiral Boscé has been appointed successor to Vice-Admiral Jurie de la Graviere in the command of the French naval division in the Gulf of Mexico. He will leave immediately for Vera Cruz. Vice-Admiral Jurie de la Graviere was to embark on the 5th of January on board the steam-corvette Berthollet to return to Toulon. He would first visit the different points of the Mexican coast occupied by the French troops,

## THE FRENCH IN MEXICO.

THE Paris *Moniteur* publishes news from the French army in Mexico to the 27th of last December. It says:—"General Forey was still at Orizaba with the bulk of the expeditionary corps, accumulating provisions and ammunition, and getting ready to advance upon Puebla as soon as he had collected all the necessary resources." General Bazaine had occupied Perote after some few unimportant engagements, in which the enemy "learnt to its cost the valour of the French cavalry." General Marquez, who had previously joined General Bazaine, marched from Orizaba without being disturbed. Gen. Douay encamped upon the plateau of Anahuac, remained upon the defensive, and confined himself to protecting the corps and the villages around. A column under Colonel Jolivet, while on its way from Orizaba to Palmar, was attacked on the 21st of December by strong detachments of guerrillas and Mexican lancers, who fled to Tchuacan and disappeared, after attempting several times to rally. On the following day the French troops took possession of Tchuacan, which the enemy evacuated after exchanging a few shots. "The health of the troops is excellent," adds the *Moniteur*. "Upon the plateau principally the climate appears very healthy, and all the ailing and convalescent are sent there in succession. The feeling of the people improves also by degrees. Confidence in us seems to establish itself, especially upon the plateau. In several localities the inhabitants have returned to their homes, and are preparing means of resistance in their villages to the violence of the guerrillas." The official journal says, in conclusion:—"The question of provisions becomes more and more simple. At Orizaba and Cordova there are provisions for a month; upon the plateau the troops live upon the country: the destruction of the crops is far from having been carried out to the extent at first feared, and the movement of the troops beyond Palmar inspired hopes of fresh resources."

According to advices, received via New York, from Vera Cruz to the 3rd of January, 35,000 Mexican troops were at Puebla, and 10,000 more between there and the capital. There were 12,000 troops at the capital, 8000 in Queretaro, and 12,000 in Guerrero, mostly badly armed. The fortifications of Puebla are mounted with 200 guns, and those of the city of Mexico with a like number.

The French were reported to be encamped before Puebla, and to be disposing their forces for an attack on the city.

Resolutions have been introduced in the Senate of the United States declaring that the attempt by France to subjugate Mexico is hostile to the United States and to free institutions anywhere, and that it is a violation of international law and a violation of the faith of France, pledged by the London Treaty of October, 1861, between France,

Spain, and England, and repeatedly assured to the Federal Government through the American Minister in Paris. The resolutions further declare that it is the duty of the Federal Government to require the withdrawal of the French forces, and now and always to lend such aid to Mexico as is required to prevent forcible European intervention in her political affairs. President Lincoln is requested to communicate to the Mexican Government the views expressed by Congress and to negotiate a treaty with Mexico to make these effective. The resolutions were generally approved by the American press, but the time was deemed inappropriate for their introduction.

The senator who proposed these resolutions, Mr. McDougall, of California, has no political standing or influence; and, notwithstanding the qualified approval of the press, American statesmen and politicians generally are inclined to regard Mr. McDougall's proposals as ridiculous—at least, in the existing state of affairs in the late American Union, which is considered to have enough to do with its own intestine troubles, without provoking a quarrel with France on the Mexican question.

It was rumoured in Vera Cruz that the Mexican General Doblado had committed suicide, and that there had been a serious misunderstanding between Generals Ortega and Comonfort, and that numerous desertions from the Mexican garrison at Puebla had taken place.



DISTRIBUTION OF CLOTHES TO NEGROES ON A SUGAR PLANTATION AT SURINAM.—SEE PAGE 91.



## Imperial Parliament.

### THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

Parliament was opened by commission on Thursday, when the Lord Chancellor read the following Speech on the part of her Majesty:—

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

Her Majesty commands us to inform you that since you were last assembled she has declared her consent to a marriage between his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and her Royal Highness Princess Alexandra, daughter of Prince Christian of Denmark; and her Majesty has concluded thereupon a treaty with the King of Denmark, which will be laid before you.

The constant proofs which her Majesty has received of your attachment to her person and family persuade her that you will participate in her sentiments on an event so interesting to her Majesty, and which, with the blessing of God, will, she trusts, prove so conducive to the happiness of her family and to the welfare of her people.

Her Majesty doubts not that you will enable her to make provision for such an establishment as you may think suitable to the rank and dignity of the Heir Apparent to the Crown of these realms.

A revolution having taken place in Greece, by which the throne of that kingdom has become vacant, the Greek nation have expressed the strongest desire that her Majesty's son Prince Alfred should accept the Greek crown. This unsolicited and spontaneous manifestation of goodwill towards her Majesty and her family, and of a due appreciation of the benefits conferred by the principles and practice of the British Constitution, could not fail to be highly gratifying, and has been deeply felt by her Majesty.

But the diplomatic engagements of her Majesty's Crown, together with other weighty considerations, have prevented her Majesty from yielding to this general wish of the Greek nation.

Her Majesty trusts, however, that the same principles of choice which led the Greek nation to direct their thoughts, in the first instance, towards his Royal Highness Prince Alfred may guide them to the selection of a Sovereign under whose sway the kingdom of Greece may enjoy the blessings of internal prosperity and of peaceful relations with other States; and if in such a state of things the Republic of the Seven Islands should declare a deliberate wish to be united to the kingdom of Greece, her Majesty would be prepared to take such steps as may be necessary for a revision of the Treaty of November 1815, by which that Republic was reconstituted and was placed under the protection of the British Crown.

Her Majesty's relations with Foreign Powers continue to be friendly and satisfactory.

Her Majesty has abstained from taking any step with a view to induce a cessation of the conflict between the contending parties in the North American States, because it has not yet seemed to her Majesty that any such overtures could be attended with a probability of success.

Her Majesty has viewed with the deepest concern the desolating warfare which still rages in those regions; and she has witnessed with heartfelt grief the severe distress and suffering which that war has inflicted upon a large class of her Majesty's subjects, but which have been borne by them with noble fortitude and with exemplary resignation. It is some consolation to her Majesty to be led to hope that this suffering and this distress are rather diminishing than increasing, and that some revival of employment is beginning to take place in the manufacturing districts.

It has been most gratifying to her Majesty to witness the abundant generosity with which all classes of her subjects in all parts of her empire have contributed to relieve the wants of their suffering fellow-countrymen; and the liberality with which her Majesty's colonial subjects have on this occasion given their aid has proved that, although their dwelling-places are far away, their hearts are still warm with unabated affection for the land of their fathers.

The relief committees have superintended, with constant and laborious attention, the distribution of the funds intrusted to their charge.

Her Majesty commands us to inform you that she has concluded with the King of the Belgians a Treaty of Commerce and Navigation, and a Convention respecting Joint-stock Companies. That treaty and that convention will be laid before you.

Her Majesty has likewise given directions that there shall be laid before you papers relating to the affairs of Italy, of Greece, and of Denmark; and that papers shall also be laid before you relating to occurrences which have lately taken place in Japan.

### GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

Her Majesty has directed that the Estimates for the ensuing year shall be laid before you. They have been prepared with a due regard to economy, and will provide for such reductions of expenditure as have appeared to be consistent with the proper efficiency of the public service.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

We are commanded by her Majesty to inform you that, notwithstanding the continuance of the Civil War in North America, the general commerce of the country during the past year has not sensibly diminished.

The Treaty of Commerce which her Majesty concluded with the Emperor of the French has already been productive of results highly advantageous to both the nations to which it applies; and the general state of the revenue, notwithstanding many unfavourable circumstances, has not been unsatisfactory.

Her Majesty trusts that these results may be taken as proofs that the productive resources of the country are unimpaired.

It has been gratifying to her Majesty to observe the spirit of order which happily prevails throughout her dominions, and which is so essential an element in the well-being and prosperity of nations.

Various measures of public usefulness and improvement will be submitted for your consideration; and her Majesty fervently prays that in all your deliberations the blessing of Almighty God may guide your counsels to the promotion of the welfare and happiness of her people.

In the House of Lords the address in reply to the Queen's Speech was moved by Earl Dudley, seconded by the Earl of Granard; and, after Lords Derby, Russell, Grey, Carnarvon, and Wodehouse had spoken, was agreed to. In the House of Commons, Mr. Calhorne moved the address, which was seconded by Mr. Bazley, and—after speeches by Mr. Disraeli, Lord Palmerston, and other hon. members—was agreed to.

### THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

It has now been announced that the marriage of the Prince of Wales with Princess Alexandra of Denmark will take place upon Tuesday, March 10. By her Majesty's command the ceremony will be performed in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, in which chapel the Prince of Wales was christened, and by which arrangement the Queen will be enabled to be present in private, which could not, under existing circumstances, have been the case at the Chapel Royal in London. Upon the 7th of March Princess Alexandra will arrive in England, and upon her arrival at the Bricklayer's Arms station will drive, accompanied by the Prince of Wales and the members of her family who come to England with her, and attended by her suite, through the City and west end of London to the Paddington terminus, on her way to Windsor. The arrangements will be much the same as on the occasion when the Princess Royal left England after her marriage.

The Queen has commanded a Levée to be held by the Prince of Wales, at St. James's Palace, on the 25th of February; and a Drawing-room, at the same place, on the 26th, by the Crown Princess of Prussia. At the Drawing-room ladies are not required to appear in mourning, unless they are of the corps diplomatique or the wives of Cabinet Ministers.

### THE POLISH INSURRECTION.

SEVERAL further conflicts have occurred between the Russian troops and the insurgents, which, according to the accounts received, terminated in favour of the former. The insurgents occupy and are fortifying Lypa, on the Polish and Lithuanian frontier. They have occupied the railway-station at that town, and used the materials of the workshops attached to the station in constructing their fortifications.

On Sunday evening 800 insurgents entered the important manufacturing town of Lodz, in the province of Masovia, took from the branch establishment of the bank 18,000 roubles, and from the post-office 31,000 roubles. They also ordered a conscription to recruit their own forces. Private property was respected. The main body of the insurgents is said to be stationed near Augustowo, and under the command of Jelnikiewicz, late a Colonel in the army of Garibaldi. A second division, commanded by Count Iyskiewicz, is taking up positions near Kawa, on the River Rawa, in the district of Warsaw. The third division of the insurgents, commanded by Frankowski in the district, is posted in the district of Lublin. The insurgents muster strong in the district of Radomsk. The communication between these districts is interrupted.

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## ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1863.

### WHERE IS PEABODY SQUARE?

DIRECT questioning has always been considered a telling weapon in dialectics. The position of a witness in a box, exposed to the fire of a pertinacious cross-examining counsel, presents usually as painful a moral ordeal as most spiteful men might wish their enemies to have to endure. The very boys in our streets usually shape their taunts and jeers into the form of a query. When the British public begins restlessly to ask a question, there is usually some more than ordinarily important subject for investigation. And it would be in vain to deny that, just at present, the public has begun to fall into a somewhat inquisitive mood. It is beginning to want to know something about the Peabody fund. Some kinds of inquiries in this way may be occasionally baffled, or evaded, but the present subject happens to be connected with the pocket of John Bull, who, when he asks what has become of money, is not unfrequently very much in earnest.

It is now about twelve months since, by Mr. Peabody's munificence, the largest sum of money on record as having been subscribed at once for any benevolent purpose by a private individual was devoted to the improvement of the dwellings of the poor. Now, what we want to know is simply this: "Where are the improved dwellings? or, if they do not yet exist, where are they to be? and, still further, if no steps have been taken to erect them, where is the money?"

We have not the slightest shadow of a doubt that in several most eligible residences there may and do reside most estimable and trustworthy individuals capable of replying to such queries in a manner so frank as almost to be satisfactory. The very best of reasons are, no doubt, kept on hand to show why the poor are not to have improved dwellings, and why the money given for the express purpose of providing them therewith is to be applied to some other object, or to none at all. Of course the funds are not as yet inveigled into the private purposes of a glutinous corporation, or laid out in property yielding yearly-increasing revenues to the profit only of a few highly-favoured individuals, whose benefit was originally never contemplated.

We admit that there may be great difficulties in the way of laying out the gift so as to give it the effect intended. The result of any improvement in house property may be alleged to be either to increase the rent receivable for it, or to enable the possessors to compete advantageously with others in the labour-market, and thus tend to lower wages or to enhance the value of comforts by enlarging the demand. If the benefits be confined to those unable to earn their own subsistence, the effect may tend to lessen the necessity for economy. But no excuses founded upon these considerations can be urged in favour of allowing what was calculated and intended to ameliorate the condition of the poor, to remain idle to the advantage of nobody. When Lord Brougham, half-suffocated in the House of Lords by some ingenious contrivance constructed for ventilating purposes, received most plausible reasons why things should be as they were, he made the memorable retort, "I do not want explanations; I want air." What the poor now want, and what the public demands, is not excellent excuses, but the proper application of a trust-fund. If nothing better can be done, even the purchase and demolition of a few of the most close, fetid, and pestiferous dens in the poverty-stricken districts of the metropolis would tend to give effect to the donation; inasmuch as the houses could only be rebuilt in a better style, and the rebuilding alone would not only supply a better class of dwellings but tend to encourage labour and render necessary the amelioration of other houses of a kind similar to that of the displaced tenements. It would not be a bad beginning to start with giving a little air. A few wide streets upon the sites where now stand narrow courts and alleys might be made available for the purpose readily enough. The ground might be leased to builders upon covenant only to build houses of a particular class not to be sublet above a certain rent, under penalty of forfeiture to the original lessors. Nor need this eventually entail diminution of the fund, but might, indeed, be made ultimately a source of continually-increasing profit.

But in whatever way Mr. Peabody's donation is to be expended, the public has a right to ask why the matter is to be allowed to lie dormant, as at present. The complaint is not only that no good, but that actual harm, is being done by the delay. It tends to render even charity reticent, and to afford an excuse for selfishness, in the example which it furnishes of the manner in which the noblest benevolence may be rendered nugatory.

### SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE QUEEN has stood sponsor for Dr. William Jenner's infant son, and has presented it with a magnificent tankard.

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF COBURG reiterates the statement that Duke Ernest has definitively declined the Greek throne.

CAPTAIN GLADSTONE, M.P. for Devizes, and brother of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, is seriously ill, and is now at Bowden Park, near Chippenham, under the advice of two eminent medical gentlemen.

THE ABORIGINES IN THE COLONY OF VICTORIA only number 2165, and are gradually becoming extinct.

DOVER is likely to be converted into a purely artillery station, and the infantry removed to other quarters more suitable for them.

A NUMBER OF THE COLLIERIES OF WIGAN are on strike for an advance of wages.

THE BARQUE ACHILLES, laden with 5020 barrels of flour for the relief of the Lancashire operatives, has sailed from Philadelphia for Liverpool.

THREE MEN have been killed at Bradley, near Bilston, as they were descending a colliery shaft, by the rope breaking. It would appear that the rope had been partially cut.

MICHELET'S RECENT WORK, "La Sorcière," has been placed in the "Index Expurgatoire." It had previously been banished from France.

GENERAL TOM THUMB is about to be married to Miss Lavinia Warren, a young lady of his own size.

COLONEL ADAIR has retired from the contest at Cambridge, but another Liberal candidate has been found in Mr. Henry Fawcett, Fellow of Trinity Hall, who is engaged in an active canvass of the electors. Mr. Francis Powell, of Wigan, Lancashire, is the Conservative candidate.

SIX CARDINALS are to be appointed at the next Consistory. It is said that Guidi, a Polish Dominican and Professor at the Seminary of Vienna, is to be one of the new dignitaries.

THE STEAMERS SCOTIA AND ANGLIA, which were captured off Charleston, have been sold at New York for £2180 each. They cost upwards of £1200 each.

ABRAHAM HERSHEY, an old unmarried farmer, died in West Hempfield, Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, last month, and after his burial \$3,000 dollars in gold and silver were found in his house.

GENERAL HAYNAU, who not long since took part in the affairs of Electoral Hesse, and who had been dismissed from his functions in consequence of an affair of honour, has blown out his brains.

THE NEW AFRICAN BISHOPS, the Rev. W. Tozer, for Central Africa, and the Rev. H. Twells, for Southern Africa, were consecrated on Monday, in Westminster Abbey, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, with the usual ceremonial.

THE THAMES TUNNEL is about to become something more than a damp, unpleasant show. A railway is to run through it, and thus connect the railways whose termini are at the northern side of the river with those at the south.

THE SPITALFIELDS WEAVERS are at present suffering great distress, and the demands for their relief upon the funds of the east-end parishes are rapidly increasing in urgency and amount.

THE DIRECTORS OF THE GREAT SHIP COMPANY have decided on recommending the payment to the shareholders of a dividend of 2½ per cent for the half year ending Dec. 31.

ANNE ROBERTSON, OR HAMILTON, commonly called "The Duchess," died on Sunday morning last, at Newtown of Boones, aged eighty-five years. She has left thirteen children, eighty-three grandchildren, and one hundred and twenty-six great-grandchildren.

THE CROP OF COTTON IN EGYPT promises to be most abundant this year. There will be not less than 180,000 bales for export; the quantity last year having been only 105,600.

A THREE-PRONGED FORK was extracted a few days ago from the leg of a cow belonging to Mr. Davies, of Jordanston Mountain, near Tenby. The animal must have swallowed the fork about two years since.

THE ORGAN IN YORK MINSTER was last week seriously disarranged and damaged by some malicious person, apparently, from the way in which the mischief was done, thoroughly conversant with the construction of such an instrument.

MANY OF THE LONDON THEATRICAL MANAGERS have agreed to drop the morning performances of the pantomimes, and to let the evening's entertainment commence with them instead.

THE BODY OF AN ADULT FEMALE GORILLA has just arrived in Paris for removal. It was sent direct from Gaboon (Africa) in a cask of spirits, and is in a perfect state of preservation.

AT CORK a reporter took Homer's "Iliad" to the police court, with the intention of reading it in the intervals of business. The book was accidentally taken up instead of the Testament by the clerk of the court, and several persons were sworn on it before the mistake was discovered.

A FREE-LABOUR MOVEMENT, which has been extensively but quietly organised in Eastern North Carolina, is understood now to be preparatory to an organisation of the Government of the State on a loyal basis, so that North Carolina may accept President Lincoln's policy of compensated emancipation.

THE SPEAKER has conferred the chaplaincy of the House of Commons, vacant by the death of Archdeacon Drury, on the Rev. Charles Merivale, Rector of Lawford, Essex, author of "The History of the Romans under the Empire," and brother of Mr. Herman Merivale, Under Secretary of State for India.

SIR W. ARMSTRONG'S RIFLED ORDNANCE FACTORY, at Elswick, will, it is expected, be shortly amalgamated with that at Woolwich, in accordance with the recommendation of a special commission recently appointed.

ADMIRAL SIR MICHAEL SEYMOUR, having been appointed to an active command, has resigned his seat for Devonport, and a keen contest has commenced for the honour of filling the vacancy. Sir Frederick Grey, one of the Lords of the Admiralty, has started on the Government interest; while Mr. Busfield Ferrand is canvassing the electors on the Conservative side.

A GRAND CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL was given at Berlin on the 27th ult., by the Crown Prince and Crown Princess, to celebrate the fourth birthday of Prince William, their Royal Highnesses' eldest son. Their Majesties dined with the Crown Prince and Crown Princess on the occasion, and remained to witness the entertainment which followed.

THE DISTRESS IN LANCASHIRE has not, it is just ascertained, had an injurious influence on the health and mortality rate in the manufacturing districts.

THE BODY OF CAPTAIN GALES, of the South Durham Militia, who has been missing since November last, was found on Saturday in the River Wear, at Sunderland.

THE ELEGANT THEATRE ROYAL in Dunlop-street, Glasgow, was totally destroyed by fire on Saturday morning last.

THOMAS BUSWELL, who shot his fellow-servant at Ashby Folville, Leicestershire, last week, has been committed for trial on the charge of wilful murder.

MISS SUSAN L. E. HILL, daughter of a gentleman residing in Clapham, was so severely injured from burns caused by her muslin dress becoming ignited from the flaming brandy over a plum-pudding that she has died after a week of severe suffering.

A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT occurred on Wednesday morning at the coal station of the Great Western station at Paddington. A wooden platform, on which were some thirty or forty tons of coal, and below which a number of men were working, suddenly gave way and buried the men beneath. Three or four were taken out dead, and many more were seriously injured. It is supposed the props of the platform gave way.

COUNT FLEURY, it is said, informed his Imperial master that it was his intention to come over to England and challenge Mr. Kinglake, and, if he declined the challenge, of inflicting on him personal and public chastisement. But the Emperor forbade his Equerry from taking such a step.

THE ALABAMA, according to advices from Key West, was off Havana on the 5th ult., and it is rumoured that she had captured some richly-laden treasure-ships from California.

A ROYAL COMMISSION has been appointed to inquire into the "present position of the Royal Academy in relation to the fine arts." The business of the Commission will also be to inquire by what means the Academy might be made useful in promoting art and developing public taste.

THE MARQUIS DE BOISSY has reappeared in the French Senate, and inaugurated the Session with one of his vigorous and characteristic onslaughts upon England, which seems to have provoked the usual amount of hearty laughter in the assembly.

A MANIA FOR SUICIDE appears to prevail at the present moment among the maid-servants at Bile. Five drowned themselves in the Rhine in January on account of disappointments in love; and last week the body of a young woman unknown was found in the river. She was elegantly dressed, and had in her pocket a portemonnaie filled with gold coins.

SARAH SMITH, one of the girls burnt at the Princess' Theatre last week, has died; and the coroner's jury, in returning a verdict of "Accidental death," added the following resolution:—"The jury wish to express their opinion that sufficient precautions were not taken at the Princess' Theatre to extinguish any accidental catching fire of the clothes of the corps de ballet." They strongly urge the necessity of rendering articles of linen clothing fireproof by manufacturers and laundresses.

AT KINROSS, N.B., a boy was going to a bank to have a £41 cheque cashed, when the wind blew it out of his hand over the houses. It was searched for in vain, until a gentleman bethought himself of trying the effects of a flight of a piece of paper from the same spot, and watch its downward progress, and, oddly enough, it alighted within a few yards of the missing cheque, whose career had been stopped by falling into a tub of water.



## THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

WE have lost that "fine old English gentleman" the Marquis of Lansdowne this week. His Lordship was an octogenarian. He had attained to the venerable age of eighty-two, and until quite lately used to walk into the House of Lords as firmly as he did twenty years ago. His Lordship, like the late Duke of Bedford, was the mentor of the Whigs. It is curious that the Marquis sprang from Romsey, in Hampshire, where Lord Palmerston was born and now lives. The founder of the family was the son of one Antony Petty, a clothier, of Romsey. His son was a remarkable man, and died Sir William Petty. Mr. John Rumsey Forster, of the *Morning Post*, says in his courtly way, "The ancestors of the noble house were Irish Barons from the reign of Henry II., and tells us nothing about the honest clothier of Romsey. But the fact is this, Sir William Petty's heiress married the Earl of Kerry, and it was this gentleman that descended from the Irish Barons. Mr. Forster is guilty, therefore, of a *suppositio veri*, for which I should say, from what I know of the late Marquis, he would not thank the writer at all. Here is another fact in the Marquis's history worth noting. In 1806 he stood for the University of Cambridge; was opposed by Lord Palmerston, whom he defeated by 331 to 128. These two also fought on the same ground in 1807, when they were both beaten by the Earl of Euston and Sir Vicary Gibbs, but this time Palmerston headed Petty by 55 votes. The late Marquis was a Whig, and gloried in the title, and wore the old Whig costume—blue coat with bright buttons, and buff waistcoat—and a fine aristocratic gentleman he was, albeit his name was Petty and he sprang from a clothier. Petty is a queer name when we come to think of it, apart from the aristocratic halo which surrounds it; but nobody thought of this. Lord Henry Petty sounded very well, as would almost any name if it have but a hand-ome handle to it. It is right, however, to say that the family name is now Petty-Fitzmaurice; and let no Radical leveller sneer at this change, for once in the history of this family a Fitzmaurice had to take the name of Petty before he could receive the title of Earl of Shelburne, showing that this noble house has been quite as anxious to keep in remembrance the worthy Romsey clothier as the Irish Barons.

The Rev. Charles Merivale, Rector of Lawford, Essex, and author of "The History of the Romans under the Empire," has dropped into a good thing. Archdeacon Drury, the Chaplain of the House of Commons, is dead; and Mr. Speaker has presented Mr. Merivale to the chaplaincy. The duties are light, for the Chaplain has only to be in attendance for five or ten minutes a day whilst the House is in session. The salary is £100 a year, and the place has long been considered a stepping-stone to something higher. In the old Parliaments, when the House used regularly to assemble in St. Margaret's Church every Sunday, and often on week days besides, the duties must have been very heavy. Mr. Merivale, I should think, must be a relative of the late Chaplain, for John Herman Merivale, the well-known author and father of the present Chaplain, married a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Drury, Master of Harrow School.

The *Army and Navy Gazette* tells us that "the pruning-knife is, according to rumour, to be vigorously applied to the Navy Estimates, and even two millions are mentioned as representing the sum likely to be saved in the financial year 1863-4." The answer is that whatever the pruning-knife had to do is done. The Navy Estimates are settled, and, according to a standing order of the House, will be laid upon the table within ten days after the opening of Committee of Supply, which Committee of Supply will probably open next week. In 1861 it was opened on the 8th of February; in 1862 on the 10th. And, further, the reduction, as I said last week, will be somewhere about £1,040,000. The same paper fears "that there will be no attempt to reduce the number of clerks in the civil branches of the service; but, on the contrary, it is expected there will be an increase among these gentlemen." Here the *Army and Navy Gazette* is probably right. Certainly there will be no decrease; for the clerks in some of the departments are overworked now, often stopping late at night, albeit they get no additional pay for overhours. If the expenditure of the Navy increases, the clerks, of course, must increase also. There is no private establishment in London in which the clerks work harder than they do at the Somerset House departments of the Admiralty, nor is there any department of the State in which the accounts are so admirably kept.

Mr. Fawcett, the blind man, is a candidate for Cambridge, where there is a vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Andrew Steuart. Do your readers remember this Mr. Steuart? He is the gentleman who was reputed to be out of his mind, and whom Mr. Roebuck with questionable taste attacked for having come down to the House to support his party before (as Mr. Roebuck alleged) he was recovered. Mr. Steuart since then has considered his ways, repented of his Conservatism, and now retires because his opinions are not in harmony with his Conservative supporters. Truly this is no sign of mental aberration. On the contrary, I should say that a commission De Lunatico Inquirendo would decide at once that it is strong evidence of soundness of mind. I really wish that the electors of Cambridge would take to Mr. Fawcett and return him to Parliament; for he is a very able man, a capital speaker, and it would be a novelty to have a blind man in the House. Bogg, who certainly has Irish blood in his veins, asked me, "How a blind man could catch the Speaker's eye?"

The Mr. Calthorpe who moves the Address is the Hon. Frederick William Gough Calthorpe, eldest son of Lord Calthorpe. He came into Parliament in 1857 for East Worcestershire. I believe the hon. gentlemen has never yet opened his lips in Parliament. It does not follow, however, that he cannot speak; for do we not remember how young Gerald Stuart, after having sat silent in the House for seven years, suddenly rose and threw off one of the most dashing speeches of the Session. Mr. Bazley, the member for Manchester, the second, is a practised hand, and will deliver, no doubt, a very sensible speech. Ah, me! I forgot that before this sees the light the speeches will have been delivered. Well, let it stand: it is a prophecy so worded that it can hardly fail of fulfilment.

What yelling and shrieking Kinglake's book has evoked! Never did book kick up such a shindy in the clubs as this. And yet it is impossible to prove logically that there is much in the book that ought not to be there. The question is whether a history of the Crimean War ought to be written at present. If that question be decided in the affirmative, then it follows that it ought to be written honestly. To do this the living persons who figured in this war must of necessity be handled with as much freedom as if they were dead. In short, all turns upon the question whether contemporary history ought to be attempted. This question I will not attempt to answer. But I am glad the book has been written, it is so enchanting. It beats all the sensational novels out of the field. But if vols. I. and II. be so exciting, what may we expect of vols. III. and IV.? The curtain is but just lifted. The most exciting scenes of the drama have yet to come—the battle of Inkermann, the Balaclava charge (remember that, my Lords Lucan and Cardigan), the fatality in the trenches, &c., with all the blunders abroad and all the dreadful mismanagement at home.

The Bishop of Durham has withdrawn his name from the list of vice-presidents of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. Rather a strong step for a Right Reverend; but, as he—somewhat inconsistently, as I think—continues his subscription, the society only loses the prestige of his name. Labouring as it does under a plethora of distinguished patrons, it will no doubt survive the deprivation. His Grace of Durham holds that, as the society has not censured the Bishop of Labuan, of pirate-shooting notoriety, it is responsible for his acts, and this is a responsibility the northern Prelate "dare not" share. There was something very revolting, even to laymen, in what the *Examiner* tersely terms the "rollicking levity" with which the episcopal pirate-potter described his sport; and I am scarcely surprised, as that sport was human slaughter, at its jarring against the feelings of less bloodthirsty rulers of the Church. Still, a private remonstrance would have been in better taste than a public protest, and would have been, probably, more effectual in the bargain. But Bishops, nowadays, seem endowed with an unfortunate aptitude for coming before the public in exceptional ways. Pirate-shooting, Pentateuch disproving, and now Propagation Society renouncing—where is it all to end?

There has been much talk about a letter addressed to Admiral Sir Charles Napier, when in command of the Baltic Fleet, by Mr. Delane, of the *Times*. The *Standard* printed this letter the other day, but it was not, after all, such an entire novelty as the fuss its publication has occasioned would lead one to believe. Very soon after the death of Sir Charles a pamphlet was sent round to most newspapers in which this letter and several others were to be found. Their authenticity was undoubted; but whether it was not thought expedient or necessary to enter either into any exculpation of Sir Charles's conduct or any defence of his memory, or whether editors had scruples about dealing with private letters as if they were so much "copy," I can't say, but the pamphlet never made the mark at which it aimed. Long afterwards this particular communication is singled out, and comes fairly before the public, who are mightily astonished that the mysterious and all-powerful "we" of the *Times* can in the composition of a private letter, write slipshod English, and talk about "old women" much as would Brown, Jones, and Robinson. The divinity which should always hedge in an editor has been rudely and, as I think, unnecessarily broken. This letter proves nothing except that Mr. Delane and the late Sir Charles Napier were on sufficiently intimate terms to reciprocate certain pleasantries, and I see nothing marvellous in its general tone corresponding with the view afterwards taken by the Thunderer. Would it not have been much more damatory if Mr. Delane had been proved to have written one thing and the *Times* to have propounded another? The whole story strikes me as puerile, and partaking of the order of the mare's nest. Poor old Admiral! It was not a very satisfactory ending to a fairly glorious career. He was feasted for feats of valour he meant to perform, but never accomplished, and he was praised on his return from a bootless errand for matters with which he had no more concern than had the Emperor of China. Although he did not take Cronstadt, yet he brought back his ships from a most dangerous life of coast unscathed, was the cry of his admirers, implying that the safety of the entire fleet was due to his skilful seamanship! Now, everybody knows that it is no part of an Admiral's duty to navigate vessels, and that whatever credit might attach itself to bringing back the ships was due to any one rather than Sir Charles.

Although Mr. Thomas Hood's name still appears as the editor of *Saturday Night*, it is commonly understood that he has virtually ceased to edit, as he has also ceased to write for that periodical.

Reverting to the paragraph in my article last week about the proposed picture of the marriage of the Prince of Wales, I may state that the Queen in the most gracious manner agreed to the terms named by Mr. Frith, and that distinguished artist will now not paint a mere episode of the ceremony, but a picture formed on his own judgment. Mr. Gambart allows Mr. Frith to postpone the commission of the three episodes in London life, keeping every engagement intact, until the completion of the Royal picture, which will be engraved under Mr. Gambart's superintendence, into whose hands its copyright will also fall. One would scarcely imagine that out of this simple transaction mischief or envy could have invented a calumny, or in it found a puddle with the filth of which a high-minded gentleman could be splashed; yet Mr. Frith has been compelled to write to the daily prints asking for the insertion of his refutation of a base and mendacious attack made upon him in the *Art-Journal*, in which he was said to have asked a preposterous sum for his picture, and in which he was sneered at as a "painter of the racecourse and the railroad." Now, although no one attaches much importance to the letterpress of the *Art-Journal*, a periodical with a provincial circulation and a little reputation based on its engravings, yet it behoves its proprietors to keep it free from mendacious slanders of this nature. Already has the editor dined off humble pie, and confessed his error in a letter which strongly reminds one of the declaration of his great prototype in "Martin Chuzzlewit," that "other blows have been inflicted—without a walking-stick—on that tenderer portion of the human anatomy, the heart."

The hangers at the approaching exhibition of the Royal Academy are Messrs Frith, Charles Landseer, and the veteran Mr. Abraham Cooper.

What is the future of Fowke's Folly? Who ever read a more melancholy description than that in the *Times* the other day, which spoke of the deserted galleries and the midwifery Minton's fountain, with its occasional drip? And then the writer recommended that this awe-inspiring place should be thrown open as a public promenade, and that people should go and walk there. What a cheerful idea! It is, I believe, a fact, that according to a long-cherished notion of the late Prince Consort, and one in which he was strongly backed up by Professor Owen, the whales and the large mammalia will be removed from the British Museum to South Kensington, their first receptacle being what were originally the picture-galleries at the time of the exhibition.

Mr. E. Robert Lytton (Owen Meredith) has just been appointed Secretary of Legation at Copenhagen. Consularships have always been favourite berths for literary men: Mr. Colley Grattan was a Consul in America, Mr. G. P. R. James at Venice, and Mr. Charles Lever still represents us at Spezia.

I hear that a new fine-art review is shortly to be published by Messrs Chapman and Hall. Next March is named as the time for the publication of the first number. The editor will be Mr. B. B. Woodward, F.S.A., Librarian to the Queen, and the review is to be under the patronage of her Majesty. As the list of contributors includes many of the greatest authorities on art topics, this periodical will probably take a position hitherto unattained by publications nominally devoted to kindred subjects.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

## THE MAGAZINES.

THE most noticeable feature in the new number of the *Cornhill* is that Mr. Trollope, in this instalment of his new story "The Small House at Allington," has lapsed into his old and very bad habit of dragging in used-up characters who figured in his previous books. Now we go back to Barchester, and see Mr. Harding and Lady Dumbello, and we hear about the Grantleys, and the Arabians, and other puppets who have long since danced at Mr. Trollope's booth. This perpetual recurrence to his old characters is surely questionable taste on the author's part. Does it spring from vanity, thinking we were so delighted that we cannot have too much of them; or a desire to raise curiosity in those who may not have read the earlier books, and thus rid Messrs. Chapman and Hall's shelves of unsold volumes? There was a clergyman who used to declare he would repeat the same sermon—against drunkenness—until his congregation attended to it; does Mr. Trollope intend to dose us with his figments of clerical life and his lay-figures until we accept them as realities? *Au reste*, the story is very cleverly written, and, though one hates the hero for his heartless priggishness, one cannot refuse a tribute to the lifelike drawing of the character. In this number of the *Cornhill* extremes may well be said to meet. Innocent nonsense and the nambypambyness of youth glimmer in a story called "The — in the Closet," the — being a doll, of which a young husband is jealous, while jocular senility flickers in a roundabout paper called "Autour de Mon Chapeau," the writer of which tells us that he is not so young as he was; that he likes batter-pudding; that when he met a Bishop the other day he longed to see his spiritual Lordship with a wideawake hat on his head, and a cutty pipe in his mouth, &c. When will a literary Babbage arise and compel this dreary old grinder with his one tune to move on? An article called "Sharpshooters of the Press" is interesting: it gives curt but clear critical notices of Alphonse Karr and Heinrich Heine; but the best paper in the number is a padding article, "The Inner Life of a Man-of-War," full of graphic detail. Some verses, entitled "Brotherless," and signed "William Smith," are in spirit and style what one would imagine Bill Smith to have written.

*Blackwood* has seven articles, the most striking of which is one on "Henri Lacordaire," better known to us as Pere Lacordaire, the guiding genius of "L'Avenir," the glorious lecturer of the College Stanislas, the bosom friend of Montalembert. The other papers are not much worth; the memoirs left for posthumous publication by poor, silly, old Lady Morgan receive another scourging, and the many-intitaled Baronet still prosed in his "Caxtonian." The "Sketch from

Babylon," with good bits here and there, is as a whole preposterous; and a story called "Our New Doctor" is the old theme of mistaken identity, owing to the exact similarity of two brothers, but is not even well worked. The article "Politics, at Home and Abroad" is in a strain of jubilant triumph at the attitude of the Tory party; it declares the feeling of the country to be so universally Conservative that, if in office, the Conservative party would command a great majority; and it finishes in these words:—

Church questions are now the great battle-field between Conservative and Liberal. Let the Opposition strain every nerve to convert the drawn battle on church rates last year into a crowning and decisive victory; so that the work of Radical innovation be finally brought to an end, and that the Conservative party may find its last difficulties vanquished even before it quits its present position on the Opposition benches and enters upon the pleasurable responsibilities of office which so soon await it, and of which it promises to have a long term.

The much-advertised Scotch publication called *Good Words* must be doing a good trade, as its proprietors could afford one day last week to engage for its advertisement one entire page of the *Times*, at a cost, of I suppose, nearly one hundred pounds. Indeed, the circulation of the January monthly part is said to have been 110,000. Who are the buyers of this work? The editor, Dr. Norman Macleod, a Scotch minister, with a small reputation, is certainly able to advertise a strong collection of names, amongst them of course Mr. Antony Trollope, because its owner writes in everything from *Cornhill* to *Cassell's Family Paper*. Then the vivacious A. K. H. B. here gives us the "Graver Thoughts," which he deprives *Fraser* of; the puritanic Mr. J. M. Ludlow and the "author of 'John Halifax'" (why not "Miss Muloch"?) send in matter which is either too stiff or too light for *Macmillan*; and here Sir John Herschel, the scientific light of the *Cornhill*, touches up his science with theology. The engravings are, however, the real attraction. Mr. Millais gives every month an illustration to a parable, and this month, in a drawing of the foolish virgins, exactly reproduces a recumbent figure from his celebrated "Curds-and-Whey" picture. Mr. J. D. Watson, though disposed to be broadmagnanimous, draws nicely. The letterpress of the number is, with one exception, respectable. That exception, called "Peter Barends; or, the Man who Gained by Losing," is in the worst style of the old canting, nonsensical tract school.

The *Churchman's Family Magazine* is also stronger in illustration than in letterpress; but the latter is very proper, and will form agreeable reading at those times and places when "worldly books" are tabooed.

*Temple Bar* sees an ending and a beginning—the conclusion of "The Adventures of Captain Dangers," which, though perhaps not very interesting as a story, merits the highest praise for the quaintness and sustained power of its style; and the commencement of a novel, called "The Trial of the Tredgolds," by Mr. Dutton Cook, a gentleman whose previous works, "Paul Foster's Daughter" and "A Prodigal Son," have obtained for him a considerable reputation. These serials, with "John Marchmont's Legacy" and Mr. Sala's "Breakfast in Bed," which is this month devoted to a growl over the changes passing over the metropolis, and in which Mr. John Wilson Croker is pungently described as a "literary squiddish," are the salient articles of the number. There are, however, some other good papers, notably one, apropos of a coming event, descriptive of the visit of a Royal Dane to England some hundred years ago; and one on the Blackburn sewing-schools.

The *St. James's* pursues the even tenor of its way, although the leading story, "Madeleine Graham," is rather a strong dose. The most curious thing in the new number is the discovery from its pages that Dr. Scofield, the well-known scientific writer, comes out as a poet. However, his subject is "The Storm," and meteorology is now a favourite science.

## THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

THE drama of "The Merry Widow," cleverly adapted from the French of MM. Dumasoir and Kervanion by Mr. Leicester Buckingham, was produced at the ST. JAMES'S on Saturday last with complete success. Mr. Frank Matthews, as an honest lawyer, oscillating between professional "sharpness" and natural good nature; Mrs. Frank Matthews, as a peaceful, trusting old lady; Miss Herbert, as a young wife believing herself a widow; and Miss Cotterell, as a crafty husband-hunter, played admirably. A word of special praise is due to the last-named lady and to Mrs. Frank Matthews for their artistic rendering of parts not strictly within their rôle.

Mr. Sothern will probably commence his provincial tour on Easter Monday, when he will have played Lord Dandereary at the HAYMARKET between four and five hundred times. In America he played it between eleven and twelve hundred times. Fancy a life spent in Danderearyism—

A youth of lisp, an old age of fame.

THE EVACUATION OF CORFU.—A letter from Corfu, dated Jan. 20, says:—"Nothing is talked of here but the evacuation of the islands by the British troops, which is expected to take place in a very short time. There is evidently some truth in it, if we may judge from the cessation of the principal works which were going on here—such as barracks building, the fortifications of Fort Abraham, and other little matters, which plainly show the 'signs of the times.' Now matters have come to this crisis, the Ionians do not feel the most happy people in the world (at least, I speak of the Coriotes), and they are beginning to draw in their horns; in fact, they commence to feel uncomfortable, and see taxation and arbitrary rule in perspective. But Europe can have no sympathy with a people who did not know when they were well off, and who were continually crying out for annexation. The authorities are now only waiting to know the programme respecting the removal of the troops; but it is calculated that it will take at least ten months before ten months before the stores and armament can be removed. A grand demonstration took place here on the occasion of the speech of Mr. Elliot at Athens. The town was partly and handsomely illuminated, and bands, accompanied by crowds of persons carrying flags, paraded the streets shouting 'Viva Victoria!' In fact, their enthusiasm carried them so far that at the theatre the whole audience stood up, the entire operatic company sang and the orchestra played 'God save the Queen,' after which three cheers were given for her Most Gracious Majesty."

THE SALMON FISHERIES.—On Monday the salmon-fishing season under the new Act opened. The close or fence time ends with the month of January, but as a weekly close time has now been added, extending from 6 p.m. on Saturdays to 6 a.m. on Mondays, the fishing did not open in England and Wales until Monday morning. In some of the Irish rivers the fishing commenced last month. On the Severn, where some of the best and most valuable fish are taken in February, the fishings between Worcester and Gloucester on Monday were very successful. The price of Severn salmon—considered the best fish in the kingdom—is always very high at the commencement of the season; it stands at 4s. 6d. to 6s. per lb. The fence time has been generally well kept on the River Severn, through the vigilance chiefly of the Association for the Protection of the Fisheries of the Severn and its Tributaries, which has its head-quarters at Worcester. Whenever a disposition to break the law has been shown prosecutions have been instituted. The number of these prosecutions by the above society in the season just ended was forty-two, of which only three failed, and these through a difficulty in the construing of the Act, which is to be brought under the notice of the Court of Queen's Bench. The number of illegal nets seized during the year has been fifty-one. It was stated at the annual meeting of the above society, held a few days ago, that there were last season in the tidal portion of the Severn 7486 fixed engines for taking salmon, called "pulchers," and 1219 pults. These are fixed in rows across the tideway, and take the salmon as they migrate up the river with the flow of the tide. They belong to thirty-three individuals. They are fast diminishing in number, and nets are becoming more generally used.

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE INSURRECTION IN POLAND.

## FORTRESS OF KALISCH.

If the prisons of Poland and Russia could reveal what has taken place within their walls they would have stranger and more horrible stories to tell than Spielberg, Custrin, or any other of the State fortresses which are found so indispensable to the security of despotic Governments in all parts of Europe. Our Engraving represents the Polish Fortress of Kalisch, which only differs in an architectural point of view from a dozen others in the kingdom of Poland, in Lithuania, and at St. Petersburg. Indeed, Poland itself may be regarded as a vast prison from which, to numbers of Poles, there is no escape except by the road that leads through Russia to Siberia. Priests, soldiers, professors, children, persons of all classes and of all ages, have had lodgings provided for them in the strong-



holds which the Russians have built at Warsaw, Modlin, and elsewhere in the shape of citadels, or in the castles and churches which they have thought fit to convert into prisons. Mickiewicz, after telling us how Niemcevicz, the friend and companion of Kosciuszko, was taken prisoner and thrown into the fortress at St. Petersburg, after the great battle in which the celebrated Polish chief was all but mortally wounded, adds:—"The cell in which Niemcevicz was confined has never since been without Polish tenants"—that is to say, never since 1795. Probably all the cells in Russia and Poland destined to receive Poles must be almost as full now as they were even under the reign of Nicholas.

#### AN INSURGENT PEASANT.

The wild peasant armed with his scythe is a sufficiently national character in Poland. Plenty of peasants from the neighbourhood of Cracow and Warsaw fought in the insurrection of 1830-1, both on foot and on horseback; and in all the well-to-do districts the peasantry quite understand that the interests of the proprietors are the same as theirs. But this is by no means the case in all parts of Poland, where for the most part the agricultural population has been carefully taught by the officials that all its misery is to be attributed to the landholders, while all that alleviates it comes from the Government. This division of class against class has never formed part of the policy of Prussia in Poland, and accordingly in the duchy of Posen peasants and proprietors are on far better terms than in any other portion of the dismembered country. Nevertheless, in all parts of Poland the Poles have to suffer terrible injustice; and the partitioning Powers, having once committed the crime of seizing by force territory which did not belong to them, can only maintain their position by committing fresh crimes which they must continue until either the victim is set free or its life destroyed.

#### PALACE OF THE EMPEROR'S LIEUTENANT AT WARSAW.

It is not by its palaces so much as by its dungeons that Poland is known in the present day. Nevertheless, our readers may wish to see the residence of the Prince who came to pacify Poland, and who, thanks in a great measure to the counsels of his adlatus, the Marquis Wielopolski, has succeeded only in driving it to insurrection. The Grand Duke Constantine and his sage adviser have been compared to Telemachus and Mentor. If they continue as they have begun people will liken them to Faust and Mephistopheles, Robert the Devil and Bertram, or, perhaps, even Robert Macaire and Bertrand.

#### SHOEBURYNES.

A PLEASANT walk of three miles from Southend along the beach, or, if high water, along the upper path, on what can scarcely be termed cliffs, will bring one to the edge of the extensive practice-ground of Shoeburyness. When not in use for active operations with guns, a very interesting

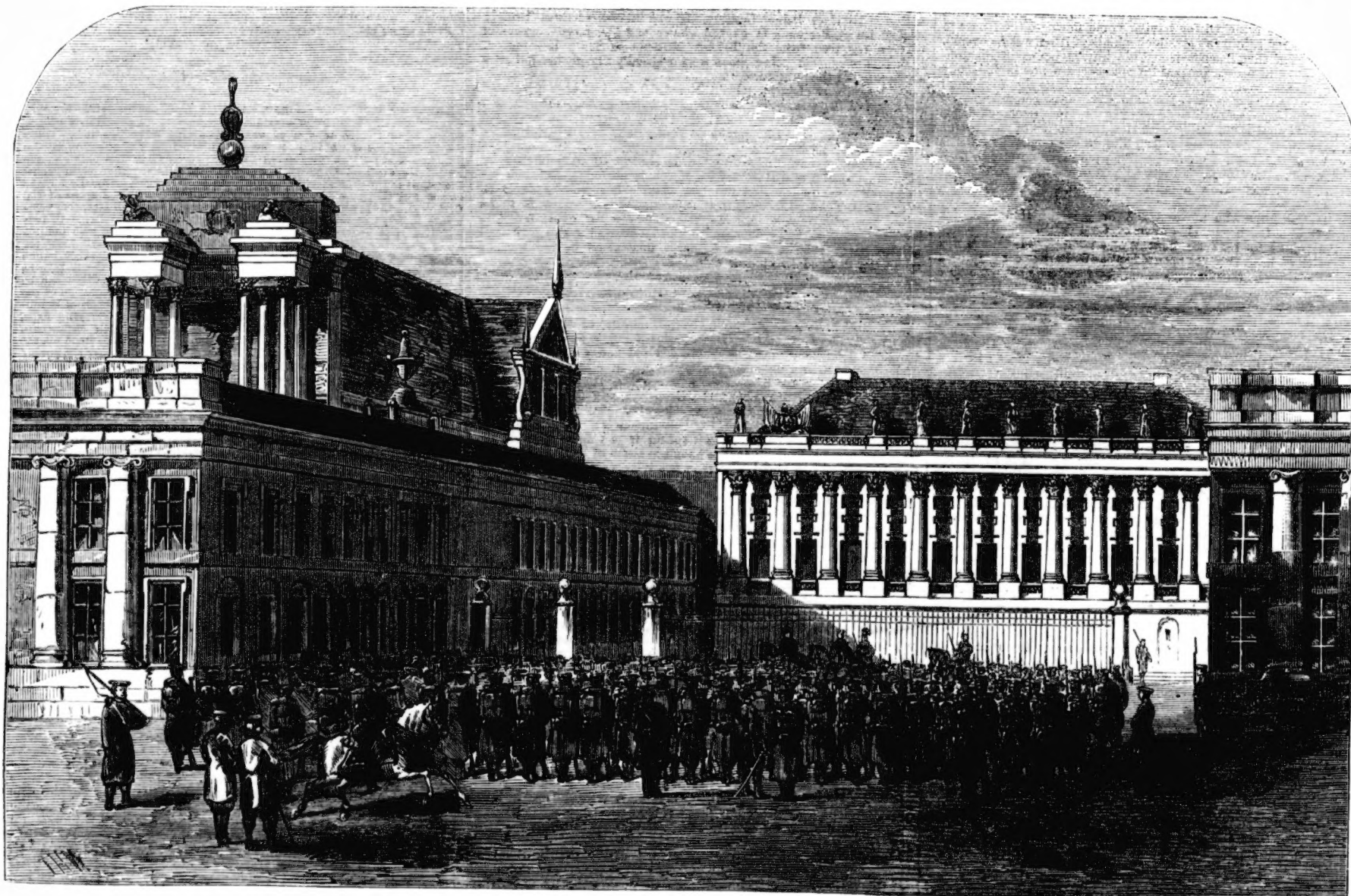


THE INSURRECTION IN POLAND.—INSURGENT PEASANT.

ramble may be made amongst the objects which skirt the shore. Miniature batteries are being erected of different styles of construction, for the practice here is of a constantly varying nature; monster targets call into operation a whole colony of smiths, engineers, masons, and others; horses are always helping to move ponderous iron plates, stones, and timber, which are being piled up to the requirements of whatever storming is to be directed against them. A reference to the Engraving of the Whitworth target will give some notion of the formidable appearance they present, and yet we see these iron-clad defences bent, and split, and shivered by the shot they have to be tested with. Where the plates have been shot through, and the missile has reached the timber, it is reduced to a mass of mere tangled fibre. About lie fragments of plates like the debris of a grand siege; for at times the material flies off from the blows levelled at it in enormous pieces, and to a considerable distance. The Whitworth target, which is represented as entire in the Engraving, has this week been practised upon; but is awaiting a grand trial of the rival guns, with regard principally to the mode of rifling—that is, whether the Whitworth or the Armstrong will prove the most efficient. In another Engraving is shown the monster 300 lb. Armstrong gun being moved to the firing-place. This piece weighs between thirty and forty tons, and takes a charge of 40 lb. of powder. The busy group of artillerymen, having mounted it on the truck, find their labours lightened by the railway they have extemporised, and by levers and cranes it is now prized upon its carriage. The firing of a gun like the one shown in the Engraving takes place at various distances, depending upon the result to be obtained. When the charge is completed the men mostly retire to the shelter of an earthwork in the neighbourhood, and all concerned take to retreats provided for them; a signal-flag is hoisted, all the ground is clear, and directly is heard the crashing sound, and the belching fire and smoke are emitted in rolling volumes. Numerous figures emerging from their hiding-places rush to see the critical marks upon the target, mounted artillerymen are on the ground, and all the apparatus for moving guns about are there. About four o'clock the work ceases, and the air is once more free from the boom of guns.

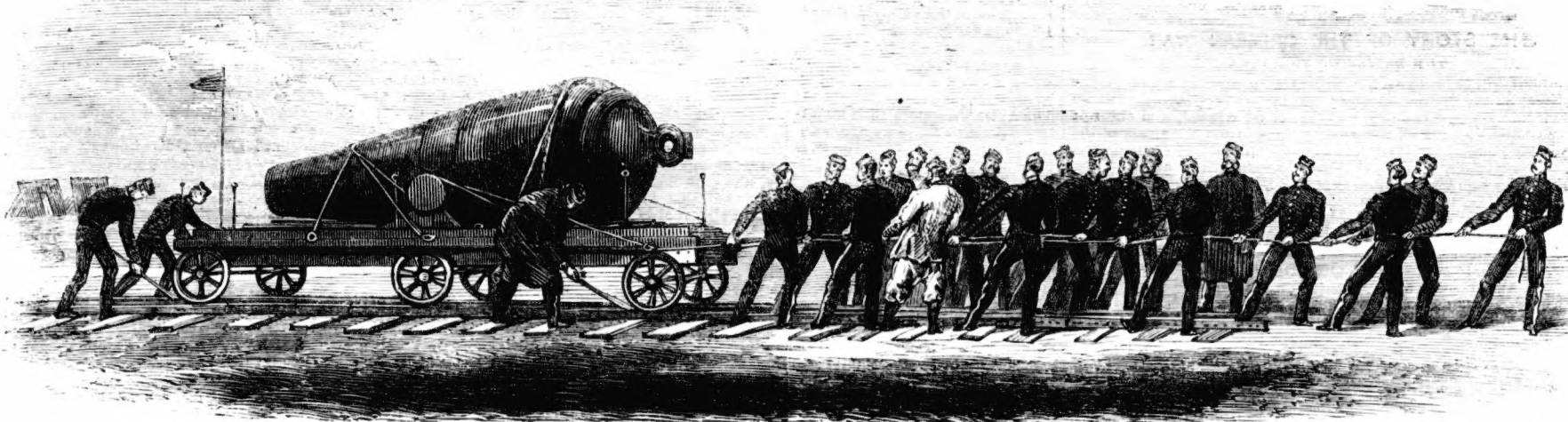
The largest guns hitherto experimented with at Shoeburyness, we believe, have been 200-pounders, requiring for a charge about one eighth of the weight of the ball of powder. The arrangements will soon be completed, however, for the trial of Armstrong's 300-pounder against Whitworth's pieces; and much interest is excited, both on account of the importance of the question to be settled between the rival inventors, and in reference to the firing of the great Armstrong gun itself.

Within the limits of the practice ground at Shoeburyness there are barracks, officers' quarters, a fine drillroom, infirmary, a hall for lectures on gunnery, cottages, a tavern, &c.—in short, a small military colony here finds accommodation.

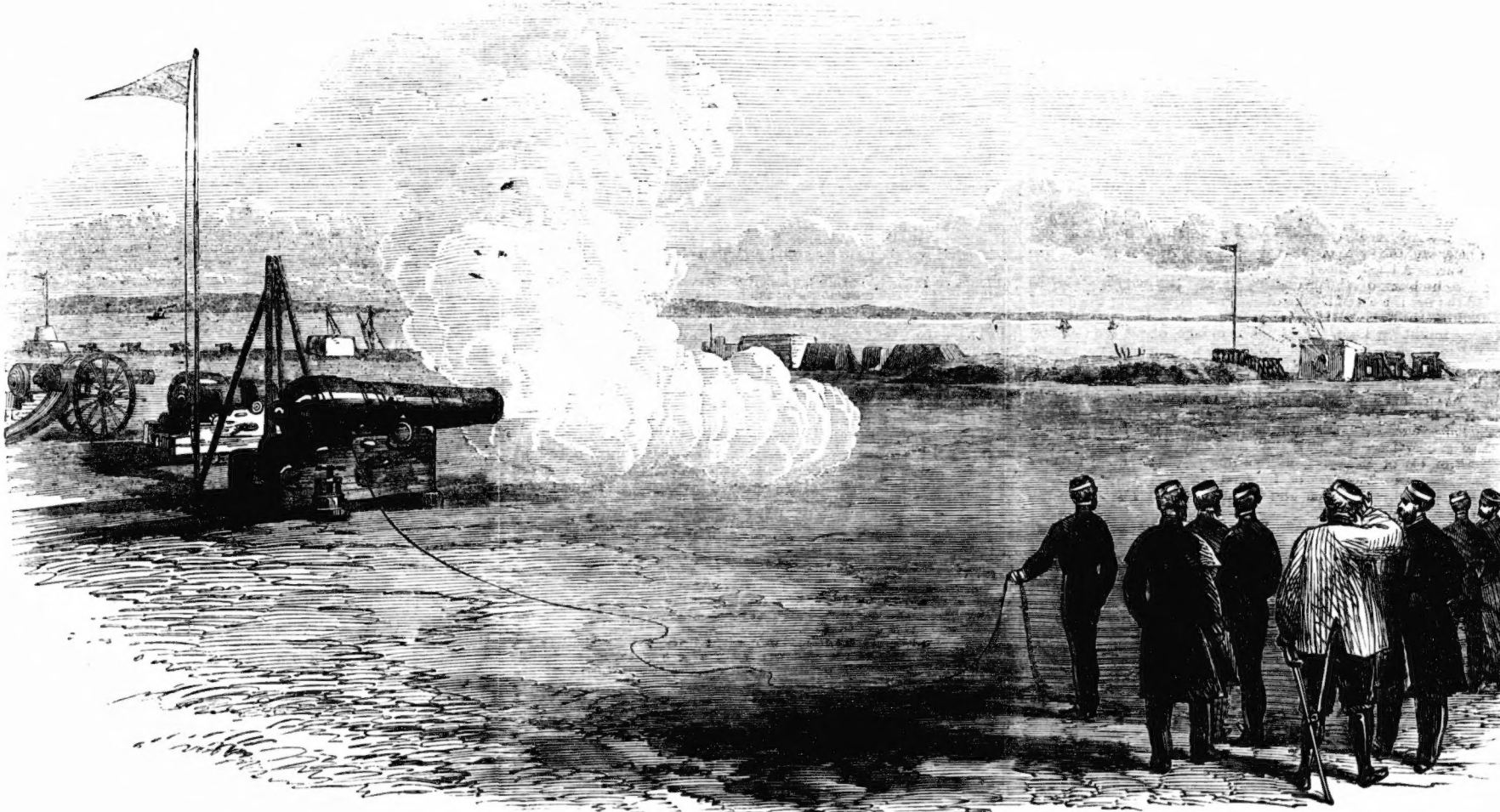


RESIDENCE OF THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE AT WARSAW.





EXPERIMENTS AT SHOEBURYNESSE.—MOVING THE 300-POUNDER ARMSTRONG GUN INTO POSITION.



IGNITING THE CHARGE OF AN ARMSTRONG GUN AT A DISTANCE OF ONE HUNDRED YARDS,



THE WHITWORTH TARGET AT SHOEBURYNESSE.



## OUR FEUILLETON.

THE STORY OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.  
THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA.

CORRECTING, to begin with, a verbal transposition by which (in the last Number) the share of Persigny was made to appear more instead of (as it really was) less direct than that of St. Arnaud, and the rest in the coup-d'état, let us run rapidly through the remainder of the story. Fortunately for brevity, the broad outlines may be indicated in a few sentences. We have the Emperor Nicholas urging upon England, through Sir Hamilton Seymour, in a very sinister manner, that it would be well, for the sake of the peace of Europe, to be prepared for the death of "the sick man," i.e., the Ottoman empire; and adding, in the happiest vein of thick-headed scoundrelism, that if, in any partition of territory that might ensue, England should take Egypt, he should not object. We have the French Emperor, early in 1853, anxious to supersede the united action of the four Powers, England, France, Austria, and Prussia, endeavouring to detach England from the other two, so that she might act in direct concert with himself. We have Austria and Prussia, however, continuing firm in the resolve which they shared with England and France, that Russia should retire from the Danubian Principalities and give up her material guarantees. Gradually we have England "drifting" into a union with France which tends to isolate the policy of the two greater nations from that of the two lesser, although the two lesser were never unfaithful to the general scheme of action laid down between the four. We have war seen dimly in the distance, but so little realised as in actual prospect that Lord Aberdeen could say (as he did, in my hearing, before the Sebastopol Committee) that the Cabinet had made no preparation for war. We have the advance of the fleets of England and France into the Levant, while between Turkey and Russia were proceeding, on the Danubian frontier, the hostilities in which the bravery and efficiency of Omar Pacha and his troops engaged so much of the sympathies of the West. We have the disaster, or, as it was then called, the "massacre," of Sinope. Early in 1854 Russia withdraws her Ambassadors from Paris and London, and France and England retaliate. Russia prepares to invade Turkey, and the fleets of the two great Western Powers have passed the Dardanelles and are floating in the Black Sea. It seems that the affair of Sinope was not, as was supposed, a thing done in breach of an honourable understanding, or done stealthily; for while active warfare (upon the part of Turkey) was going on upon the Danube, the Euxine, and the Armenian frontier, Russia had a right to destroy the enemy's ships. But all this was not known here, and the voice of the people, or at least of the public, was loud for war. All this time it was France that was urging things forward to the brink of the precipice. It was she who dictated to England the use she should make of her fleet in shutting the flag of the Czar from the Euxine while even yet there was a strong probability that peace might be kept. And the man who, of all the Cabinet, most earnestly desired vigorous co-operation with France in the invasion of Russia was, Mr. Kinglake believes, Lord Palmerston. After being twelve days out of office, he returned to his place in the Cabinet when that Cabinet adopted the rudely coercive scheme of Louis Napoleon. Throughout the story the part of Prussia was blameable for feebleness, and that of Austria chiefly for a constant aspect of subservience to the Czar, especially in the "shameful presence" of Count Mensdorf in Petersburg at the public thanksgivings for Sinope. The fault of England was that of allowing herself to be teased by Napoleon and lectured by the *Times* into the invasion of the Crimea.

The story of the measures taken by the *Times* Company to get at the actual state of public opinion from time to time is amusing:—

It seemed to the managers of the company that at some pains and at a moderate cost it would be possible to ascertain the opinions which were coming into vogue, and see the direction in which the current would flow. It is said that with this intent they many years ago employed a shrewd, idle clergyman, who made it his duty to loiter about in places of common resort and find out what people thought upon the principal subjects of the time. He was not to listen very much to extreme foolishness, and still less was he to hearken to clever people. His duty was to wait and wait until he observed that some common and obvious thought was repeated in many places, and by numbers of men who had probably never seen one another. That one common thought was the prize he sought for, and he carried it home to his employers. He became so skilled in his peculiar calling that, as long as he served them, the company was rarely misled; and, although in later times they were frequently baffled in their pursuit of this kind of knowledge, they never neglected to do what they could to search the heart of the nation.

But this looks very like a myth. The mere physical labour attendant upon that clergyman's function ought to have killed him in a month; or, if he lasted longer, the intellectual bewilderment should have put him in a madhouse in a year. Just conceive being sent about town with orders "not to listen very much to extreme foolishness"! What a distractingly vague mission!

After the arrival of the allied forces in the East, Lord Raglan—the chivalry and sweetness of whose character are now brought out in strong colours—had almost enough to do in handling the restless Arnaud, who was always proposing to do something mischievous. Once it was that when English and French troops were serving together the senior officer should have the entire command—which would just have put General Lord Raglan under the Marshal. Then, again, when the army was on the very point of proceeding to Varna—the Light Division having already started—a staff officer came from the French side, at eleven o'clock at night, urging Lord Raglan to stop further movement, as the French army was not ready. And so on. The fact being, all the way through, that what has hitherto been supposed to be the fact—namely, that our neighbours were more masters of the situation in the campaign than we were—is utterly contradicted. The Russians, both as to skill and bravery, show better than it has hitherto suited our vanity to recognise.

When, after the arrival of the combined forces at Varna, the siege of Silistria was raised, and Russia, threatened by Austria, evacuated the Principalities, it might have been supposed that the object of the war had been attained. But the British nation was now "roused," as the phrase is, and the Duke of Newcastle was "roused" too. The readers of this Journal have had in another column an account of the Cabinet meeting at which the rough draught of the despatch to Lord Raglan directing the invasion of the Crimea was read and sanctioned. In the progress of the expedition Lord Raglan had again to contend with the perverseness of St. Arnaud; and it was from the latter, not from the former, that the "timid counsels" which we all remember hearing about in the *Moniteur* proceeded. At the time for the landing of the expedition a very serious blunder was made by the French. They were to lay down at night a buoy opposite the centre of the landing-place fixed upon, half the space being allotted to each army. In the morning it was found that, whether intentionally or not, the buoy had been placed opposite the extreme left. The cautiousness of Lord Raglan prevented the grave consequences which might have ensued, and he quietly fixed upon another spot for the disembarkation of our troops. After the battle of the Alma Lord Raglan proposed to the Marshal to send the English cavalry and one English division in pursuit of the retreating Russian army if the French would co-operate. The Marshal replied that that was impossible, because the knapsacks had been left behind! In Mr. Kinglake's opinion (an opinion in which he is, of course, well supported) the neglect to follow up the victory at Alma was a blunder of the very gravest kind. If the Allies, says he, had laid instant hands on Sebastopol it would have been theirs. But he positively denies that the French did the hard work of the campaign up to this point. "That part which was taken by Marshal St. Arnaud and his troops in the battle of the Alma was no fair sample of what could be done by a French army. It was only a sample of what a French army could manage to do when it laboured under the weight of a destiny which ordained that all its chiefs should be men chosen for their complicity in a midnight plot, or else for acts of street slaughter. . . . The Power which fought that day by the side of England was not, after all, mighty France, brave, warlike, impetuous France. It was only that intermittent thing which to-day is and to-morrow is not. It was what people call the French empire." From the charge of complicity in

the *coup-d'état* Mr. Kinglake exempts, however, Desquet, the commander of the second division. "I have been eager," he says, "to acknowledge the valour and steadiness of the Russian infantry. If I had caused it to appear that upon the whole Marshal St. Arnaud and the troops he had commanded had done marvels on the day of the Alma, I should have been helping to prolong a belief in that which I know to be false, and should be even running counter to what, with good reason, I hold to be the opinion of the French army." The Allies were more than 60,000, the Russians about 40,000. But the opposing armies were, for all that, on nearly equal terms. For the Russians had greatly the advantage in strength of ground and in artillery. Then the French Marshal made the mistake of sending two-fifths of his army to the seashore, and crowding the remainder of it upon a narrow front. Also, it happened, that in each distinct infantry fight the English battalions were almost always confronted by masses greatly superior in number.

"Told summarily," says Mr. Kinglake, and it is impossible to tell the story of the battle in detail in this place:—

Told summarily, the battle of the Alma was this:—The French seized the empty ground which divided the enemy from the sea, and then undertook to assail the enemy's left wing; but were baffled by the want of a road for Canrobert's artillery, and by the exceeding covenancy of the rule which forbids them from engaging their infantry on open ground without the support of cannon. The failure placed them in jeopardy; for they had committed so large a proportion of their force to the distant part of the West Cliff and the seashore that for nearly an hour they lay much at the mercy of any Russian General who might have chosen to take advantage of their severed condition. But, instead of turning to his own glory the mistake the French had been making, Prince Menschikoff hastened to copy it, wasting time and strength in a march towards the seashore and a countermarch back to the Telegraph. Still, the sense the French had of their failure, and the galling fire which Kirlikoff's two batteries were by this time bringing to bear on them, began to create in their army a grave discontent and sensations scarce short of despondency. Seeing the danger to which this condition of things was leading, and becoming for other reasons impatient, Lord Raglan determined to order the final advance of the English infantry without waiting any longer for the time when Canrobert and Prince Napoleon should be established on the plateau. So the English infantry went forward, and in a few minutes the battalions which followed Codrington had not only defeated one of the two "heavy columns of attack" which marched down to assail them, but had stormed and carried the great redoubt. From that moment the hill-sides on the Alma were no longer a fortified position; but they were still a battle-field, and a battle-field on which, for a time, the combatants were destined to meet with chequered fortune; for, not having been supported at the right minute, and being encompassed by great organised numbers, Codrington's disordered force was made to fall back under the weight of the Vladimir column; and its retreat involved the centre battalion of the brigade of Guards. Nearly at the same time Kirlikoff, with his great "column of the eight battalions," pushed Canrobert down from the crest he had got to, obliging him or causing him for a time to hang back under the cover of the steep. At that time the prospects of the Allies were overcast. But then the whole face of the battle was suddenly changed by the two guns which Lord Raglan had brought up to the knoll; for, not only did their fire extirpate the Canseway batteries, and so lay open the Pass, but it tore through the columns of Prince Menschikoff's infantry reserves and drove them at once from the field. This discomfiture of the Russian centre could not but govern the policy of Kirlikoff, obliging him to conform to its movement of retreat; and he must have been the more ready to acknowledge to himself the necessity of the step he was taking, since by this time he had suffered the disaster which was inflicted upon his great "column of the eight battalions" by the French artillery. He retreated without being molested by the French infantry; and took up a position at a distance of two miles from the Alma. Meanwhile, after a sheer fight of infantry, the whole strength that the enemy had on the Kourgan Hill was broken and turned to ruin by the Guards and the Highlanders. Thereof the slaughter that is wrought by artillery upon retreating masses was all that remained to be fulfilled.

When the battle was over, we are assured that it was only Lord Raglan's desire to take care of the wounded, and his desire not to quarrel with the French, which prevented his urging forward at once the pursuit of the Russians.

Impossible as it is to repeat the whole tale of the battle, it is not difficult to detach the fine episode of the advance of the Highlanders:—

For the third time that day a mass of infantry, some fifteen hundred strong, was descending upon the naked flank of a battalion in English array; and, coming as it did from the extreme right of the enemy's position, this last attack was aimed almost straight at the file—the file of only two men—which closed the line of the 93rd.

But some witchcraft, the doomed men might fancy, was causing the earth to bear giants. Above the crest or swell of ground on the left rear of the 93rd, yet another array of the tall, bending plumes began to rise up in a long, ceaseless line, stretching far into the east, and presently, in all the grace and beauty that marks a Highland regiment when it springs up the side of a hill, the 79th came bounding forward. Without a halt, or with only the halt that was needed for dressing the ranks, it sprang at the flank of the right Soudal column and caught it in its sin—caught it daring to march across the front of a battalion advancing in line. Wrapped in the fire thus poured upon its flank, the hapless column could not march, could not live. It broke, and began to fall back in great confusion; and, the left Soudal column being almost at the same time overthrown by the 93rd, and the two columns which had engaged the "Black Watch" being now in full retreat, the spurs of the hill and the winding dale beyond became thronged with the enemy's disordered masses.

Then again, they say, there was heard the sorrowful wail that bursts from the heart of the brave Russian infantry when they have to suffer defeat; but this time the wail was the wail of eight battalions; and the warlike grief of the soldiery could no longer kindle the fierce intent, which, only a little before, had spurred forward the Vladimir column. Hope had fled.

After having been parted from one another by the nature of the ground, and thus thrown for some time into echelon, the battalions of Sir Colin's brigades were now once more close abreast; and since the men looked upon the ground where the gray remains of the enemy's broken strength were mournfully rolling away, they could not but see that this, the revolve of the Highlanders, had changed in a moment of glory. Knowing their hearts, and deeming that the time was one when the voice of his people might fly enough to be heard, the chief touched or half lifted his hat in the way of a man assenting. Then along the Kourgan slopes, and thence west almost home to the Canseway, the hill-sides were made to resound with that joyous, assuring cry which is the natural utterance of a northern people so long as it is warlike and free.

Descending into the hollow where the vanquished troops flooded down, the waves of sound lit upon the throng and touched it, as some imagined, as a breath of air touches a forest, lightly stirring its numberless leaves. And, in truth, it might be that, even in this, the hour of turmoil and defeat, the long-suffering Muscovites were stirred with a new thought; for they never before that day had heard what our people call "cheers," and the sound is of such a kind that it startles men not born to freedom.

Among the minor points in the narrative of the action may be mentioned the fact that the Light Division was led into action by three Generals who were nearsighted. We are also assured that it was not the Duke of Cambridge, but an inferior officer, though a veteran, who proceeded (as we all remember was proposed) that the 1st Division should fall back to re-form. Prince Menschikoff was, Mr. Kinglake believes, a brave man, who got bewildered when the battle turned against the Russians, and who, riding about the field vaguely, failed to find the place where he could effectually rally his army. Gortchakoff got partly stunned by a fall from his horse. To the Russians, throughout the book, and, indeed, to nearly everybody, Mr. Kinglake takes great pains to be fair. Next to Lord Raglan, of whose generosity and nobleness of heart and manners many anecdotes are told, Lord Clyde (Sir Colin Campbell) comes out most prominently. But English bravery receives full justice, though with scarcely a sentence of what can be called praise.

Space must be spared for an anecdote about the English method, effective on the banks of the Alma as elsewhere, of fighting in line against column:—

After the rupture of the peace of Amlens, Sir Arthur Wellesley, being then in India, became singularly changed, growing every day more and more emaciated and seemingly more and more sad. He pined; and was like a dying man without any known bodily illness, the prey of some consuming thought. At length he suddenly announced to Lord Wellesley his resolve to go back to England; and when he was asked why, he said, "I observe that in Europe the French are fighting in column, and carrying everything before them, and I am sure that I ought to go home directly, because I know that our men can fight in line." From that simple yet mighty faith he never swerved; for, always encountering the massive columns of infantry, he always was ready to meet them with his slender line of two deep. With what result the world knows.

The Russian have recorded, through the pen of Chodasiewicz, their astonishment at the courage with which our "red jackets" fought in line. "This was," they say, "a most extraordinary thing to us, nor did we think it possible for men to be found with sufficient firmness of morale to be able to attack, in this apparently weak formation, our massive columns."

A few words of critical comment may be permitted about this very remarkable book. The mere writing is far above any words of merely usual praise, and there is no room here for anything like an analysis of its fine qualities. But it is worth while to call attention to its extreme guardedness, its suggestive guardedness, in certain cases. The passage respecting Mr. Gladstone (which was quoted in another column a fortnight ago) may serve for one example. It is quite a study; what is said of Lord Palmerston is another; and another, even yet more striking, is the phraseology employed in the references to the drowsiness which overcame some members of the Cabinet, and (perhaps) threatened all, on that afternoon when the decisive despatch to Lord Raglan was read in draught:—

I own that to me the assenting disposition of those who remained awake (for they were anxious, careful, laborious men) is harder to account for than the condition of those who were in a complete state of rest; and I incline to the solution which I have spoken of as likely to be offered by the analytical chemist, because his theory (that of a narcotic substance having been taken by some mischance) would account for a torpor which affected all more or less, though in different ways and in different degrees.

It is scarcely necessary to point out that the word "mischance" is a very wide one, and looks as if it had been carefully selected on account of the large extent of the ground it covers.

Almost anybody, even his best hater, will think a word should be said for Louis Napoleon. Let him have the shelter of such names as those of Robert and Elizabeth Browning, who both believed in him; and let it be observed that his personal courage might have come out better from the hands of Mr. Kinglake, if that gentleman had dealt with it as indulgently as he has done with that of the "great" personage who was (it is not disputed) inclined to lead back his soldiers "just to re-form" on the day of Alma. I well remember reading Mr. Russell's account (and other accounts published at the time) of that little affair with downright shame; and that shame has not been lessened by what I have been told by brave men who took part in the battle.

It should also be added, for Louis Napoleon, that, though the British alliance was of immense value to him, he did something for himself when he boldly took up the name of *parvenu* which had been flung at him and married Eugénie. That alone drew to him a grand deal of popular sympathy.

The fault of the book—to be sure it may be remedied by reservations in a succeeding volume—seems to me to be that its analysis of the raw material of the opinions expressed is too confident. It does not broadly and prominently recognise that, however exact our knowledge of a story may be, there is always, *always*, in human affairs a large element of the inscrutable and unaccountable. Mr. Kinglake has, indeed, recorded in his preface his unwillingness to pass from the attitude of a man who was absorbing truth to that of a man who declares it aloud; and throughout his book there are numerous instances of the caution of a man who loves to be just. But the very decision with which the attempt to be just is made strikes one as a little excessive. It is too much for a man to assume in a long difficult story that he can be even approximately just. The assumption should be quite the other way.

I have reserved for the last place, because I wish it to be prominent, a word about the "inferior officer" who (we are now told) suggested that the 1st Division should retire in order to re-form. Mr. Kinglake has been at great pains to analyse conjecturally that state of mind of the inferior officer's chief which disposed him to acquiesce. It may be permitted me to hint that a little thought expended in a conjectural analysis of the inferior officer's state of mind might lead to the suggestion that it is possible that officer *saw* what was passing in the thoughts of his chief, and (perhaps, loving him, but at all events, pitying him) took on himself the burden of speaking out, to spare his chief the pain. Is that a quixotic fancy? No, indeed. The inferior officer may have done it. He may have done wrong in doing it. And yet to quote him as having done it might be a still greater wrong. Life is full of such things. W. B. R.

## THE SANCTUM OF BARON SIDONIA.

"Tancred (Lord Montacute) entered Sequin-court. A chariot with a foreign coronet was at the foot of the great stairs which he ascended. He was received by a fat hall-porter, who, rising with lazy insolence from his hooded chair when he observed that Tancred did not advance, asked the new comer what he wanted.

"I want Monsieur de Sidonia."

"Can't see him now; he is engaged."

"I have a note for him."

"Well, give it to me; it will be sent in; you can sit here." And the porter opened the door of a waiting-room, which Tancred declined to enter.

"I will wait here, thank you," said Tancred; and he looked round the old hall, on the walls of which hung several portraits, and from which ascended one of those noble staircases never found in a modern mansion. At the end of the hall, on a slab of porphyry, was a bust, with this inscription upon it, "Fundator." It was the great Sidonia by Chantrey. Soon there was a stir. "The Ambassador is coming out," said the hall-porter; "you must stand out of the way."

"And the Ambassador came out, and Tancred went in, and found himself in a spacious and rather long apartment, panelled with old oak up to the white ceiling, which was richly ornamented. Four windows looked upon a fountain and a plane-tree; a portrait by Lawrence, evidently of the same individual who had furnished the model to Chantrey, was over the high, old-fashioned, but very handsome marble mantelpiece; a Turkey carpet, crimson damask curtains, some large tables covered with papers, several easy-chairs, against the walls some iron cabinets;—these were the furniture of the room, at one corner of which was a glass door which led to a vista of apartments, fitted up as counting-houses, filled with clerks, and which if expedient might be covered by a balise screen which was now unclosed. A gentleman, writing at a table, rose as he came in, and, extending his hand, said, as he pointed to a seat, 'I am afraid I have made you come out at an unusual hour?'"

This is Sidonia's description of Tancred's admission into the presence of Sidonia—the famous Sidonia—the great Caucasian loan contractor, banker, philosopher, and poet, who had establishments in every capital in the civilised world; who lived in princely magnificence; who rode about on an Arab barb, called for its fleetness "Sunbeam," who controlled monarchs and made peace or war; who mingled philosophy and poetry with business, and wrote orders for money upon Asiatic bankers in the style of the "Arabian Nights." Here is a specimen of a letter of credit which he gave to Tancred, addressed to Adam Besso, Jerusalem:—

"My dear Adam,—If the youth who bears this requires advances let him have as much gold as would make the right-hand lion on the first step of the throne of Solomon the King; and if he wants more, let him have as much as would form the lion on the left. And so on through every stair of the Royal seat. For all which will be responsible to you the child of Israel who, among the Gentiles, is called SIDONIA."

This is Sequin-court—and this is Sidonia. Well, I too have been to Sequin-court, and I, too, have seen Sidonia. I went to see him many months ago—on a little private business—and now will tell what I saw. There was then no great staircase—no coronetted carriage—no fat, lazy, insolent, hall-porter in hooded chair—no foreign Ambassador—no bust on a slab of porphyry, with FUNDATOR written thereon; but a narrow dark passage and a very civil attendant, who after my card had been sent in immediately admitted me. So much for the outside. Inside, fact jarred more with fiction, for the room was very plain, very plain indeed. I looked round, as Tancred did, but there was no portrait of FUNDATOR by Lawrence—no iron cabinets—no damask window-curtains—no old-fashioned but very handsome mantelpiece—no oak panels—no white ceiling, richly ornamented—no fountain—no plane-tree to be seen through the windows. But I will describe the room. It was large, square, and lofty. The walls were quite bare. Nor did I observe that the three windows had any curtains; at all events, if there were any they were nothing particular. There were tables covered with papers and samples of raw materials from all quarters of the globe, among which I noticed a good many articles of bronze. There were more papers, more raw materials, and more bronzes on the broad, plain marble mantel-



half, but the latter did not strike me as being of value, and were not arranged in any order. There were chairs, of course, and along the side under the windows there were ranged several common settees covered with not over-clean striped calico, which seemed to say that people had to watch here late into the night or that occasionally the room was transformed temporarily into a snug easy-chair; and I was more inclined to think so from the fact that Sidonia, who sat with his hat on and his feet upon the fender, was smoking a cigar, and that soon after I entered another member of the firm rolled in with a weed in his mouth; neither was the Sidonia of fact at all like the Sidonia of fiction. "How are you?" said the modern Sidonia, extending his hand; "What can I do for you?" in an easy, familiar, businesslike way. Nor did we talk about Jerusalem nor the Asian mystery as David's Sidonia did with Lord Montacute. Indeed, I suspect that the Sidonia of fact cares far more about a good run with the hounds than about Jerusalem, and would much rather like to penetrate into the price of Consols a month hence than penetrate the Asian mystery. He rides a good horse though, as everybody knows, a horse which, if I were inclined to bet, I would back against "Sunbeam" any day. But in the midst of all this easy nonchalance business was going on, for ever and anon a clerk sidled quietly in to have cheques signed, which I could see at a glance were for amounts high enough to create an appetite beneath the ribs of death. This, then, was Sequin-court, and this the Sidonia of fact. Still it struck me that this was a very different bank parlour to others which I have seen. Calling one day upon another City magnate in the banking business, I was ushered into a very different place, and to a very different person. The room was fitted up plainly, but everything was scrupulously in order. The mahogany chairs and writing-tables were all french-polished and not a paper was out of place. Seated before a handsome escutcheon, the banker, dressed as if his clothes had just come from the tailor's, was as cold and reserved as a Minister of State; and, as to smoking, my belief is that he would rather have a row than that it should get abroad that the odour of tobacco profaned this sacred room. And whence this difference? Well, Sidonia is above all this; he stands so high that he is utterly fearless of even Mrs Grundy. He is a monarch in the commercial world, and monarchs you know may dress and do as they like. Here, then, is a picture of Sidonia and Sequin-court in fiction and Sidonia and Sequin-court in fact. I did not require letters of credit to Bess, but I have seen some issued from the Sequin-court of fact; and there is nothing in them about the lions of Solomon's Temple; they are like all other letters of credit, "three days after sight," &c.

### THE NIGHT COFFEE-BOOTH AND ITS CUSTOMERS.

It is often my fate to ride home from Fleet-street by the last Westminster omnibus. At about thirty minutes before midnight this vehicle arrives at the "Angel," and at that point it is my custom to alight. I need not mention that sometimes the night is fine, sometimes otherwise—very much otherwise—foggy, snowy, rainy, windy; so that the street lamps rattle and waver, and even the accustomed policeman holds his hat on; or so bitterly cold that the night cabmen and the cabs shut themselves within their carriages and have to be knocked up before they may be hired.

Hail, blow, shine, or snow, however, there is one spectacle I rarely miss as I step from the omnibus, and that is a large hand-barrow laden high with some poles and some calico, and some furs and a table, and a big wicker-basket, and a great bright tin boiler with a brass tap, while from the bows of the barrow there swings a cylindrical and perforated firegrate and a jolly, glowing coke fire. A very decent-looking old fellow pushes at the shafts; and walking at his side, and lending a friendly hand at up hill and stony places, is a tidy, buxom little woman, with a pippin face, saugily tucked up in a shawl and a woollen comforter.

The nature of their avocation was evident—they were the proprietors of a night coffee-stall—a common enough nocturnal feature of the London highway; still, like most folks, I had been so accustomed to associate all that pertained to night life in London with the raffish, the sharkish, the blackguardly, and the idiotic, that to see such decent people embarked in it seemed not a little singular and worthy some little inquiry.

So I kept the barrow in sight from under the lee of my umbrella (it was raining and blowing pretty hard) till it stopped near a piece of waste ground in front of a tavern, the gaslights pertaining to which were by this time all but extinguished, and the barren busy hustling out into the rain and the mire the most pertinacious of their customers (who inquired "another quarter" with all the eloquence of pumps at the door of a relieving overseer, and were, it is but just to add, as gruffly refused), and the potman was hoisting up the broad shutters. With marvellous expedition the old people relieved the barrow of its load, rigged up the tent, arranged the forms, lit the bright swinging lamp, perched the tin boiler on the fire, and spread the table with a white cloth; the table they quickly adorned with cups and saucers and a big loaf and a cake withdrawn from the basket; so that, within a quarter of an hour, the little cabin was built and invitingly furnished; and when the old lady had out upon a stack of bread and butter and mother of cake, and the coffee-broiler began to steam, I experienced much less embarrassment than I had anticipated in crossing the road and requesting to be served with a cup of coffee.

"Is there anything else I can do for you before I go, Sam?" asked the old woman of her husband as I began to sip his really excellent mocha.

"No, my dear, thank; I shall be pretty comfortable now, I think, replied he, looking round the cabin critically; "Good night, missus, I shall be home soon after light."

I believe he would have kissed her had I not been present; but he compromised the matter by adjusting the comforter about her neck in the most solicitous manner, and then she, returning his "Good-night" and bidding him take care of himself, toddled off.

"Your wife does not stay here with you?" I observed.

"I'd be werry sorry to see her," replied the proprietor; "it might be all right in general, which it is, even with the worst of them—the unfortnight ones—civil, bless you, Sir, as can be; still, now and then, we have a orkard customer, much more orkard than I should like a missus of mine to be a witness to. Besides, it's better for her to be abed than a breazin' and a blowin' out here."

Having complimented my coffee-man on his good sense and ordered another cup of coffee, which I likewise praised, we fell into a very interesting conversation, which, however, was unfortunately more than once interrupted by the occurrence of a customer, and, as coffee-stall customers were the topic of our conversation, it was convenient to drop the subject whenever one appeared. Still, those I had at present seen were of a most ordinary sort, as I took opportunity to remark to him.

"Well, you see, it's early yet," replied he; "the curious sort don't drop in till about two, and then they keep dropping in till about five; then the regular working trade begins, men and lads who are obliged to beat shop, and make a quarter before breakfast time. Ah, I have often thought what a remarkable book it would make if I was to write down all the queer customers I serve."

I, myself, could not help reflecting on the exceedingly remarkable volume my friend was capable of producing under the circumstances. Still, the notion, in a limited sense, was not without its attractions, and before I bade the coffee-man adieu I had arranged a little plan with him. With a pencil with which I provided him, and on some leaves torn from my pocket-book, he was, on the following night, to make note of his customers and what they were like, together with such brief comments on them as he thought necessary. In the course of the day following he was to leave his notes at my house. He brought them. Here they are:—

"Half-past Eleven, at which time we began to put up the stall.—Had a customer (if you could call him such, poor fellow) waiting till it was ready. It was the blind man as you might have seen on the canal-bridge reading the New Testament, with cocked-up letters, by the touch of his fingers. He had only took threepence-halfpenny since tea, which was four o'clock, cold weather being bad for him, on account of people not stopping to listen. The missus was ready

to go when he had finished his cap, so she see him across the road. 'Tempt a cup to a night cabman and ditty with cake to an unfort-night, and giving the policeman a light, nothing done till half-past twelve.

"Half-past Twelve.—Never thought to serve two blind people in one night; but so it was. This time a little boy about six years old, with his father, who, although it ain't for me to talk about looks or to judge, was not a nice sort of person. He seemed out of sorts, and turned over the bread and butter for the thickest, in a way that made me speak about it. 'It ain't no more for sitting, I spose,' said he, taking up the boy and slapping him on to a form. 'Didn't I sing it properly, father?' presently asked the little chap. 'As proper as you'll ever sing it,' snapped out his father. Then turning to me, says he, 'You're jolly pious in this quarter, ain't you?' 'Not that I ever heard,' says I; 'what makes you ask?' 'Just this,' says he, 'you must know that my little boy who is as blind as a stone, and likely to be a burden to me as long as he lives, has got a tidy voice, that is for the comic style—'Dark Gal dressed in blue,' 'Mrs. Rummin's Ball,'—that sort of thing you know; well, I takes him of nights, you know, to concert-rooms, specially where there is a bit of a platform and a piano where he can show off, you know. If the company likes to take pity and club round, it's optional, I don't ask 'em, not I; I sits down and smokes my pipe like another man. Well, we goes to-night to the 'North Star' close here, and says I to the chairman 'perhaps the company would like to hear a little blind boy sing a song.' 'I desay they would,' said he, and, after tapping the table, he announced it. Well, I spose because he was blind they thought he was going to strike up the Old Hundredth, or something in that line; but he didn't, he sang 'Mrs. Rummin's Ball,' and when he had done, instead of clapping and knocking as he deserved, they fell to hissing like steam, and in a minute a waiter comes, and says he 'There's somebody as wants you in the next street, Sir.' 'A pretty canting lot you must be about here,' and then he flung down the price of what he had had, and, jerking the blind boy off the form, walked off with him. Four cups to the night street sweepers, and a goodish many split, if not drank, with five spoons bit in two for a wagger, and a saucer broke, by three tipsy gents out of the Belvedere, who handsomely paid a shilling each for damages, making up the time till half-past one.

"Half-past One.—More call for pickled cabbage (which, you must know, I was asked for till at last I kept) than anything else, by married men, and them as are single and live in quiet lodgings, that they might go in something like-ober. I've had as much as a shilling give me for a pull at the vinegar in the jar before now. At a little after two I sold my last pen'orth of pickles, and then begins to come in my very worst sort of customers. They who, in consequence of having something short of the price of a lodging, walk about till two, and then come and dribble and drabble their bits of hapence in coffee and bread and butter just as long as you can put up with 'em. Bless you, if I encouraged it I shouldn't be able to get near the coffee-tap. They'll come in, trying to look as promiscuous as possible, and call for threeporth of coffee, and sit down close to the fire; but I'm so used to 'em, that only by their lingering way of stirring it I know what their game is. If I don't take any notice of them they are asleep in a jiffy, and when I wakes 'em they order a slice of bread and butter, and then they're off again. I wakes 'em again, and again they order another slice, till I'm thankful when their last halfpenny is gone, and I can say, 'Now, Sir, what can I serve you with?' 'Nothing more, thank; 'Then, good morning, Sir!'

"But these lodgingless ones ain't all 'sirs,' and that's the worst of it, the other sort being much more frequent and harder to get rid of. I've had 'em come and say, 'Mister, I want to sit by your fire till the morning; don't turn me away, for God's sake don't. So, for God's sake, I give 'em shelter, which it's what a man ought to do, no doubt specially when he comes to consider that that very night may be their last in that unlucky lane to which there seems no turnin', and that, by help of another day's seeking, they may find the reward for remaining honest against such heavy odds.

"Half-past Two.—Three unfortnights, two of which are old customers and sisters, for coffee and cake. 'Don't you wish he sold rum, Polly?' asked one. 'I wish he sold laudanum,' replied she, 'and was bound to make me swallow a quarter of it. I feel as though I was standing up to my knees in ice.' 'That's a very wrong wish of yours, ain't it, miss?' says I to her. 'You be hanged, you old fool,' said she; 'what do you know about it? I'd like to see every man in London choking in a ditch with a stone round his neck.' Just then comes up two navigating-looking men, with handles at their backs, and asks if they were on the right road for Uxbridge. 'You ain't going to Uxbridge now, are you?' asked the one that spoke about the laudanum. 'Right away, miss; the young 'uns and the missuses are there, where we left 'em to try for work at the new shore up here; but it's no go, and the sooner we gets back the better.' 'You might have rode home for eighteenpence,' said Polly. 'That's the identical sum we set out with, three days gone,' said the navy, ruefully. 'Come in, men,' says Polly, 'and pitch into the bread and butter and coffee; I'll pay.' So in they came; but I'm proud to say that they used her like honest chaps, eating a tidy lot, certainly, but not half, no nor a quarter as much as they could, and then went off shaking hands with her, and thanking her, and steadfastly denying the sixpence she wanted to press on them. Cabman brought a drunken gentleman, who swore dreadfully because I had no new laid eggs; said he was well known to Mr. Cox, of Finsbury, and would take care that the thing was looked into. Polly, the unfortnight, who was not yet gone, asked him to stand coffee, on which he threw what was in his cup all over her, and called for the police, who turned 'em all out, and the gentleman got into his cab and was drove clear off without paying. The fire-escape man looked in, and I smoked a pipe with him, while one of the homeless ones, mentioned in half-past one, edged close to the fire and dozed for half an hour.

"Half-past Three.—Being market morning, the drovers begin now to come along, and for the next hour, off and on, the stall is filled with them and their dogs, which makes it uncomfortable; and all the more so because they bring their bread with them, and like their coffee so very sweet. They're a dreadful rough lot, and their talk is something awful; but I don't open my mouth or over would go my boiler in a twinkling. I'm thankful that I only have their company two mornings in the week.

"Half-past Four.—Plenty of unfortnights, who have been a waitin' and a watchin' about for the drovers to go, now come in and spend their hapence, and take it in turns to warm themselves. If you was to peep in and see me behind my table, and the stall filled with a dozen of these customers, mostly pretty, and dressed out so gay, you might think me lucky; but if you was to hear what I hear in their talks ore to the other of their poverty and wretchedness, their brutal usage, and their hatred of themselves and all the rest of the world, I think you would alter your opinion. So there they stay, taking it in turns to stand at the fire, till five o'clock strikes. At that hour they know, as I have before told you, that my regular morning working customers drop in, and so, without being told, they then clear out.

"You might wish to know what sort of a night's work this makes. Well, I've sold three gallons of coffee, and I get two-and-threepence out of that, temperance out of my bread and butter, and ninepence out of my cake. That's four-and-tenpence, and rather over than under the average; and I leave it to you to say if it's earned a bit too easy."

J. G.

### A SCENE IN DUTCH GUIANA.

(See Engraving on page 85.)

EVEN where slavery has long been abolished negro labour is altogether a peculiar institution whenever it is employed on plantations belonging to white settlers. In good truth it must take some few generations more to enable the free black "plantation hand" to occupy a really independent position; and those who in the sugar-growing districts employ, if they do not own, a negro colony, have to exercise much of the authority and severity as well as much of the

constant forethought of the old patriarchal rule. Without this constant supervision kindly exercised, with respect even to their necessities, the labourers, and even the domestic servants, would fall into the most childish carelessness, and often, indeed, degenerate into the slavery which comes of a want of regard to real self-respect. There are few more comical illustrations of the condition of the free negro than those afforded by the plantations of Dutch Guiana (Surinam), where, out of 60,000 in aboriginal, only 5000 are Europeans, the rest being negroes and those Indians and Maroons who, after intesing the entire colony, and committing perpetual depredations, at last settled down upon the frontier as the nominal defenders of the country.

The Engraving represents a scene which occurs about every eighteen months on the various estates in the interior; for of course the negroes of the towns have not only adopted the convenience of clothing, but have even been led into that extreme of European refinement which is expressed by black tail coats and hard hats. With the field labourers it is quite different: many of them remain in a state so primitive that they are inclined to undervalue the advantages even of pantaloons, and frequently appear in a costume which has been but slightly altered since its introduction by their first parent.

It is the law of Guiana that the employers should periodically distribute clothes or pay the penalty of a fine. The law is wisely silent regarding any compulsory measures as to the wearing of these garments, however, and it not infrequently happens that before the next day they will have been bartered away either in the payment of debts, for other more necessary articles than mere apparel, or even for grog.

Strangely enough, some of these people are dressed on Sunday, not in the clothes which they have taken at the distribution, but in that bizarre costume which, in its cut and colour, is a marvellous burlesque of fashion, and singularly illustrative of the mental peculiarities of the negro. Of course the regulation outfit, coming as they do ready made from some distant depot, will often exhibit that peculiar dispensation of Providence alluded to by Mr. Jingle with respect to the pattern's coats; but this may afterwards be rectified, especially as the distribution usually concludes with a ball. The "rig" for every negro over fifteen years old consists of a hat, a loose coat, a pair of trousers, sixteen yards of Osnaburg linen, twelve yards of striped, two of blue, and four of cotton. A dozen needles and sundry skeins of thread, a knife, comb, scissors, razor, looking-glass, tinder-box, flint and steel, complete the catalogue. The women, of course, receive an equivalent amount of cotton, cloth, and other goods.

There is no very great difference between the house servants and the plantation labourers of Surinam; they are equally improvident, and not without a laughable native humour and a saucy sprightliness. The cook is perhaps the most intractable and yet the most indispensable member of the household. Negroes certainly have a culinary genius, but their processes must remain secrets; initiation into the mysteries of a Guiana kitchen at least would perhaps render dinner impossible. There the liberty of a free colony asserts itself with little fear of interruption.

The breakfast hour in Guiana is an early one, and when once the planter has gone out on his morning's business the great event of the day commences by the lady of the house summoning the cook, who accompanies her to the larder, or rather to the storeroom, there to select the necessary materials for dinner.

The following is a specimen of the discussion which ensues, always commenced, be it observed, and generally concluded, by the cook:—

"What does missus want for dinner?"

"Soup first, of course—what will be the best?"

"Oh, that everlasting soup—missus knows that master don't like it. He say dat soup make um respire all over."

"Well, suppose I like soup; what then?"

"Oh, den we make lot ob soup."

"Very well, then. Take eight sausages and this bit of bacon, and some of the salt meat. It will go very well with the fowl that was killed yesterday. Don't forget the onion, and put in some of the flavouring."

"Massa say dat flavourin' not agree with him digestion."

"I'll add your tongue. You will stew some fish and make a hotch-potch. This will be enough if you roast the duck that was shot last night."

"The directions once concluded, the cook opens the barrel containing the supply of butter for the establishment, and commences taking out spoonful after spoonful.

"Little bit for de hotchpotch, little bit for de fish, little bit for massa du k, little bit for"—

"Stop! for what?"

"Why, for de vegetables, 'course. Nobody nebber hab duck and no vegetables."

"Pray have you lost your senses?—to use so much butter, indeed! What vegetables, I should like to know? I begin to suspect that you use the butter to rub your legs with."

The negro glances furtively at his knees, which are sufficiently shiny to confirm the accusation; and, indeed, such grease as remains on the hands after culinary operations is generally cleaned off in the manner hinted at; for towels are scarce luxuries.

"O, missus! you break my heart, 'spectin' me dat way, and me always honest fella; beside, me nebber like butter; my stumuk too delicate."

"Delicate, indeed; I should like to know what has become of the roast beef that was left last Tuesday?"

"What did missus say?"

"You heard me well enough."

"Nebber hear a word—swear dat! Oh! ah! yah! know now what missus talk about; dat meat. Me carryin' it away in de afternoon, an' put it down half a recon' to bruh-a fly off my nose, dat minute a dog come by, and while me not lookin' at the dish"—

Enter the lady's maid, who at once strikes in indignantly,

"Oh, oh! yes, you were yourself the dog. I see him eat it all himself, ma'am."

Cook, deprecatingly, "Ah, yah! it um better tell the whole trufe. Dat meat, missus,—it was standin' in de dish when Mary come by, Mary dat marry not very long time ago. What did she do? She ask me to give her bit of de beef; me say no, impossible. She say yes, and take piece, 'cause eb her interest ob conditionals. Den me eat the rest, 'cause 'shamed of de whole 'fair. Dat's fact!"

What can be said to such an incorrigible? The dinner, at all events, must not be delayed, and the mistress can only threaten to report the cook to his master, and have him punished. But any other would be just as bad, for this is as nearly as possible the report of an ordinary dispute. After all, these difficulties are not altogether confined to Guiana; there is a wonderful family likeness amongst cooks all over the world: the difference is merely one of colour.

A.

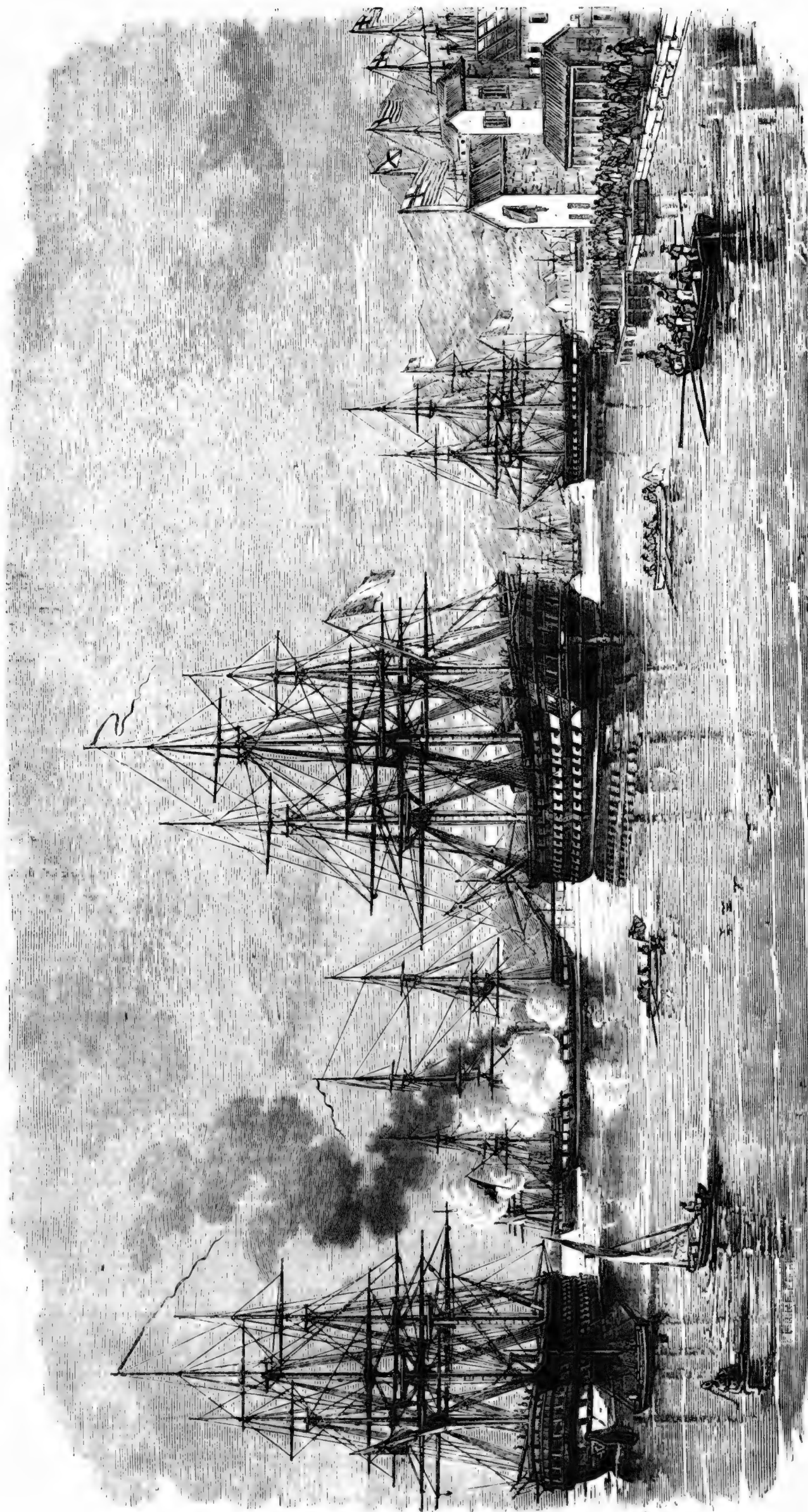
\* \* A correspondent sends us the following:—

GAD WHIP.—"Gad" is true Saxon for goad. The whip handle—the pointed end—is a goad. The whip itself was for driving a team or yoke of oxen. The word goad is gaid in Swedish, and in Scotland the gad means the point of a spear. "A gad of steel to write down these words"—that is, a steel point. The Welsh have a similar word signifying to push, prick, or urge on.

In your paper and in others it is stated that a person of the name of Anderson was about to take out a patent for hardening steel by the agency of oil. This is not new. My old and early friend, the Rev. R. Warner, the author of "The Bath Characters," and who amongst these gave himself the name of Dick Sable in his "Literary Recollections," mentions one David Hartley as having left at his death several tools of various kinds which he had bought and planned into boiling oil. Mr. Warner asked a man who bought some of them at the sale of Hartley's effects how they answered in use. "Admirably," replied he. You will see by this that Anderson's is no new discovery.

"David's Carthage" is said to be full of errors. What he discovered and calls remains of aqueducts are really the ruins of numerous tanks at which the flocks and herds of ancient days were watered. Neither Dido nor Æneas ever saw an aqueduct. These mighty structures belong to later ages. Mr. Davis also says that few remains of art were to be found. He forgets history informs us that in the palmy days of Rome, Syracuse, &c., many ancient pieces of sculpture and other works of art were brought from the site of Carthage, and sold to the wealthy inhabitants of Italy and Sicily, to set up in their houses, as many of them may be again dug up amongst other works of art to add to existing museums or private collections, "oppidas posse mori."





ARRIVAL OF THE HON. MR. ELLIOT, BRITISH REPRESENTATIVE AT ATHENS, IN THE PIRÆUS.

### THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH VESSELS IN THE PIRÆUS.

It will be remembered that at the very commencement of the changes in the Government of Greece both French and English vessels of war were present in the Piræus, and that upon the commencement of the elections Mr. Elliot, as the representative of the British Government, was commissioned not only to assure the Greek Council that its electoral rights would be recognised, but also to decline the expected election of Prince Alfred by declaring that he could not be a candidate for the throne.

Notwithstanding this, however, and although he proposed the election of Ferdinand of Portugal, the popular demonstrations continued and increased. All the promises and protestations of Mr. Elliot were unavailing; the Greek people had determined to have the English Prince, and would neither accept nor understand refusal. Even at the present moment it is still doubtful whether a successor has been found worthy to replace the imaginary ruler for whom the nation had prepared itself. The political aspect of Greece, however, has presented a rare attitude of constancy, purity of sentiment, and judicious patience which must ensure the respect of all the great Powers who are interested in her ultimate welfare.

In the harbour of the Piræus the splendid vessels which even of themselves seemed to represent those Powers, were needed neither as an asylum

for victims either to the injustice of a party or the ungoverned fury of a lawless mob. Our Engraving represents the bay at the time of the arrival of the *Liffey*, with Mr. Elliot on board.

### MR. KINGLAKE:

MR. ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE has leaped into notoriety at a bound. A fortnight ago he was dimly remembered by the mass as the author of one exceedingly clever book of travels. His name is now on everybody's lips; and thousands of heads are bent down over the work which he has just given to the world. Our readers will therefore, of course, like to know something of Mr. Kinglake. Mr. Kinglake was born in 1809; and is the son of the late Mr. William Kinglake, solicitor at Taunton. He (the son) was educated at Taunton, Ottery St. Mary, Eton, and at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was called to the Bar in 1837, and soon afterwards went to the East, whence he wrote to his friends at home some graphic descriptions of the scenery and his adventures there. On his return he, at the request of his friends, unwillingly furnished up these letters with a view to publication, and the MS. was, when ready, offered to several publishers, who, with a purblindness not uncommon in the tribe, refused to undertake its publication. At last

Mr. Olivier took the book in hand, the author guaranteeing the publisher against loss. This book was "Eöthen," of which we need not say a word. Mr. Kinglake, some few years ago, contributed two articles to the *Quarterly*, but other than "Eöthen" and these he had published nothing till the "History of the Invasion of the Crimea." Mr. Kinglake was in the Crimea. He was present at the battle of the Alma; and with the army on its flank march to Balaklava. He remained at headquarters at Sebastopol during the first bombardment, and at its close, prostrated by fever, he came home. In 1856 he left the Bar, and in 1857 entered the House of Commons as representative of Bridgewater.

Experience has ever taught us that there are numbers of men of whom nothing can be predicated from their appearance; Mr. Kinglake is one of these men. As he walks into the House he seems to be an odd-looking man, but you must peer very closely at him before you can discover any special signs of mental power. He is short in stature, not more than 5 ft. 6 in. we should judge, and his real face is almost entirely concealed from view, for his hat covers his forehead, which is, however, not particularly significant; just below his hat there are his large round spectacles, and then, almost touching the lower line of his glasses, his dark moustache begins, and that and his beard cover all the lower part of his face. In short, when month, eyes, forehead, and, indeed, every part of his face except his

nose, is concealed from your view, how is it possible to divine from his outward appearance what may be the inward and invisible characteristics behind? But we must judge of Kinglake by his works. "These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength." In Parliament Mr. Kinglake has not taken the foremost rank as a speaker; and to some it may appear strange that one who can write so eloquently, and with such force and graphic skill, should not be able to hold and make an impression upon the House. But there is nothing uncommon in this; and it is easily explained. A clever dramatist is not, as we all know, necessarily an effective actor. He may not be able even to read aloud his own plays with effect. The qualifications necessary for the one are essentially different to those of the other; or rather, perhaps, we ought to say that to the qualifications of the dramatist certain others must be added to make him a good actor. And the same qualifications must be superadded to the writer before he can be an effective speaker. Mr. Kinglake has not these qualifications. He has not presence, calmness, nor voice; and, in short, is wanting in what the old Greek meant when he said that action was the first, action the second, action the last qualification for a speaker; meaning, however, thereby, not action in our narrow sense of the word, but dramatic power; and so it happens that, excellent writer as he is, and excellently as his speeches may be composed, Mr. Kinglake cannot deliver them with effect.



## THE ROYAL WESTMINSTER THEATRE.

THOSE who have been in the habit of frequenting Astley's Theatre, now known as the "Westminster," will be greatly surprised at the change which has taken place within the walls of this favourite place of entertainment. The area formerly taken up by the arena for horsemanship is now filled with comfortable chairs, giving seats for a large number of spectators. Above rises the first tier of boxes; above these, and set farther back, is the balcony, the seats extending a long distance back, from which an excellent view of the stage is obtained.

To give some notion of the appearance of the house, we may begin by stating that the pervading colours in the decorations are pink and pale blue, edged with gold. These colours line all the corridors and the boxes. The fronts of the tiers are white and gold, with pale blue panels, except over the dress boxes, where a white marble balcony is thrown out, supporting small gardens of flowers and evergreens. This balcony forms an original feature in the ornamental part of the structure. The ceiling is a cloudless sky, and the whole *salle* is lighted by a cut-glass chandelier, concealing a sun-burner, nearly on a level with the ceiling itself. Thus the heat and discomfort which may arise from gaslights distributed among the audience are avoided.

Especially worthy of notice are the proportions which the various parts of the house bear to each other, the perfect views of the stage obtained from every point, and the sense of ease and airiness effected by the peculiar manner in which the spectators are distributed. The front half of the pit is partitioned off with a white and gold iron railing, and is provided with cushioned chairs, which, though called "pit stalls," and commanding the low price of 1s. 6d., are in reality "orchestra stalls," generally the most expensive places in a theatre. In front of these seats, and on each side of the orchestra, are small ornamental gardens, with white marble fountains, which throw real water into a basin. Behind the "pit stalls" is a large and roomy pit, to which the price of admission is 1s.

The choicest and most expensive seats are in the balcony, which is the newest and most striking feature in the building. It stands out boldly under the ceiling of the theatre, and the passage around it is also in front of the tier above. This open tier is filled with crimson chairs of ample dimensions, and behind it and under the shed of the amphitheatre are the "boxes," so called. There are no subdivisions in either of the tiers, but all the seats are alike open to the visitor, who may circulate as freely about the "boxes" as though he were in the pit. Above this circle are the amphitheatre stalls, contrived and subdivided into seats with numbers; and higher still is the gallery.

The footlights are grouped on a new principle, by which a strong body of light is thrown on the centre of the stage, while on the sides the lights themselves are placed on a lower level than



A. W. KINGLAKE, ESQ., M.P., AUTHOR OF THE HISTORY OF THE INVASION OF THE CRIMEA.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. DOWNEY, SOUTH SHIELDS.)

ordinary, so as to interfere less with the line of sight from the pit.

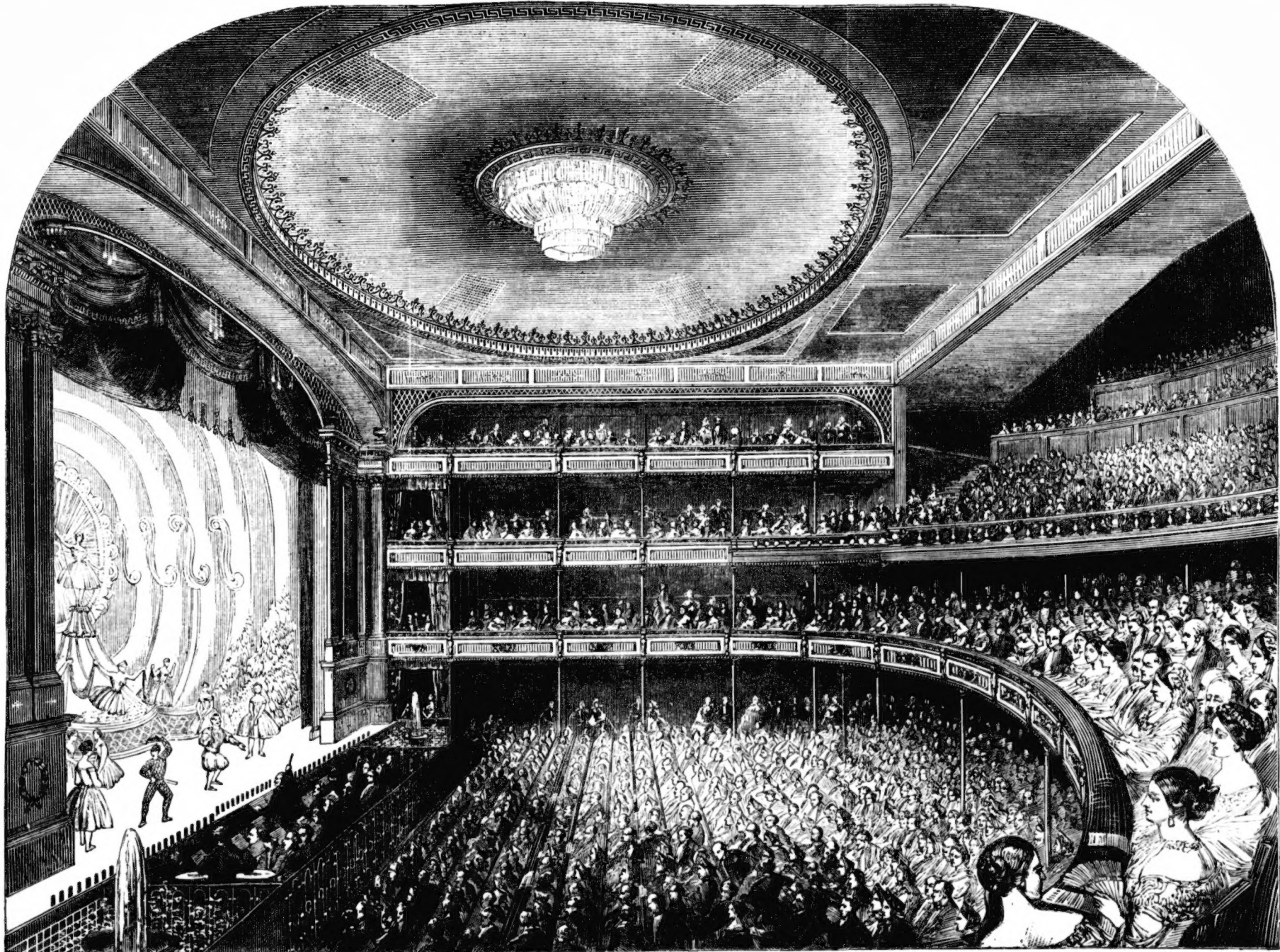
The proscenium is simple in its form, consisting of two pairs of white and gold Corinthian columns (each on one base), the architraves of which support a pair of oblate arches. The interval between these is filled with golden trellis-work.

The new theatre—for such, in fact, it is, so far as the interior is concerned—is said to be second in size to Drury Lane alone. Not only the work of construction, but that of destruction also, has been completed since Nov. 10—that is to say, in about six weeks.

## OPERA AND CONCERTS.

It is said that a translation of M. Gounod's "Faust" (or "Margarethe," as it is called in the German version) has been accepted, and is about to be produced at the Royal English Opera. In the meanwhile it is certain that Mr. Balfe's "Mary Tudor" has been for some time in rehearsal, and we shall be rather astonished if "Mary" is not introduced to us before "Margaret." Those who are anxious to gain such a knowledge of M. Gounod's new work as may be acquired through the medium of letterpress will do well to read the article on the subject by the editor of the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung*, of which a translation (from the practised pen of J. V. Bridgeman) was published last week in the *Musical World*. "The composer," says the German critic, "enjoys in his own country the reputation of a talented and highly-educated musician, particularly fond of German music. We do not know his former works, but his 'Margarethe' has inspired us with deep respect for his efforts; it is undoubtedly the most important production that France has given us for many years." Gretchen is the centre of all the action, and M. Gounod's musical delineation of the character is said to be admirable. "Every note appears to be an inspiration of his inmost soul, and naturally wins our hearts. All Gretchen's scenes from her first meeting with Faust call for unreserved praise." On the whole, we shall be very glad to see Gretchen, or Margaret, or Faust and Margaret announced at the Royal English Opera. If, however, Mr. Balfe's new work meets with anything like the success that, judging from the past, may fairly be anticipated for it, we cannot see what chance M. Gounod will have of making himself heard in English until after the Italian season.

Our readers are aware that Mdle. Titiens is at Naples, and, consequently, not at New York. She had, however, accepted an engagement for America, and Mr. Ulmann, the great Yankee impresario, has just come forward to explain how it was that he did not call upon her to fulfil her contract. It appears that two contracts were signed, a contract proper and a supplementary contract; and that the supplementary contract contained a clause to the effect that "if the political and financial circumstances of the country" should, on Mr. Ulmann's return to New York seem likely to in-



THE NEW WESTMINSTER THEATRE,



terfere with the success of their enterprise, why then that the contrary should be carried out at some future period. After proving to the American public that he had signed an engagement with Mdlle. Titiens which almost bound him not to bring her to America, Mr. Ulimann proceeds to a description of the prima donna whom, it appears, he intends to deprive us of as soon as the American war is at an end. "She is called," he tells us, "the Ristori of the Opera, and is known throughout Europe as the great soprano of the day. . . . In 'Norma,' as great as Gristi; in 'Lucia,' brilliant as Peralani; in 'The Messiah,' majestic as Clara Novello. She is considered as the only legitimate successor of these three great artists, none of whom had even in their palmyest days a voice to be compared to Mdlle. Titiens." In spite of Mr. Ulimann, we hope to hear the "Ristori of the Opera" this summer, and next summer also, at Her Majesty's Theatre. She was never called the "Ristori of the Opera" by any one but Mr. Ulimann, and no one but Mr. Ulimann ever thought Norma and Lucia her best parts; but this does not prevent her being an admirable singer, whom we should be very sorry to lose. Does the reader, by-the-way, wish to know why Mr. Ulimann calls Mdlle. Titiens the "Ristori of the Opera"? Because he has his eye on Ristori also, whom we shall not be surprised in due time to see advertised as "the Titiens of Tragedy."

The Monday Popular Concert of the present week was chiefly remarkable for the reappearance of Miss Arabella Goddard, who performed Mendelssohn's sonata in E major in the first part of the entertainment, and in the second joined M. Sinton in Dussek's sonata in B flat, for pianoforte and violin. Miss Arabella Goddard, who has always been an assiduous cultivator of Mendelssohn, never cultivated his music with more success than on this occasion. She was applauded enthusiastically after each movement of the sonata, and unanimously recalled at the end. Dussek's duet is one of the most popular pieces in Mr. Arthur Chappell's repertory, and the lightness, delicacy, and spirit with which it was played on this occasion called forth repeated expressions of approbation from the audience, who would gladly have heard the last movement again. The concert began with Mozart's quintet in A, for clarinet, two violins, and violoncello (Messrs. Lazarus, Sinton, Ries, H. Webb, and Piatti)—a piece which has taken a firm hold of the frequenters of these entertainments. Mr. Lazarus was inimitable, and it was no wonder the audience insisted upon an encore of the charming slow movement. Another genuine treat was the violoncello sonata in A, by Boccherini, which Signor Piatti played to perfection. The quartet was Haydn's in C major, with the celebrated variations on the Austrian Hymn, which—with Messrs. Sinton, Ries, H. Webb, and Piatti as executants—proved a sufficient attraction to keep a large majority of the audience in their places until the end.

The singers were Mesdames Lancia and Sinton-Dolby. To the former was allotted an air from Mozart's "Idomeneo" and Schubert's "Mountain Shepherd." Mdlle. Sinton-Dolby introduced (for the second time) Glinka's plaintive romance called "The Orphan," and a new ballad by Mr. Henry Smart, "Singing through the rain." Mr. Benedict accompanied the vocal music in his usual admirable manner.

At the next concert Schubert's quintet in C is to be repeated, and Mr. Sims Reeves is set down for another song by the Russian composer, Glinka.

## Literature.

### A BRACK OF NOVELS.

*Aurora Floyd.* By M. E. BRADDOX, Author of "Lady Audley's Secret." Three vols. Tinsley Brothers.

The author of "Aurora Floyd"—who dedicates her book, with "affectionate regards," to "Admiral and Mrs. Bladen"—hides pretty strongly at a basis of truth, or even more than a basis of truth, for the tale she tells. The story in itself is a very good one, full of genuine natural interest, and exceedingly susceptible, we should say, of dramatic adaptation. It was never intended to be made into a three-volume novel; but it is not likely that anybody who begins to read it in that shape will break off in the middle. Filling the inter-spaces of the narrative there is a good deal of commonplace thinking, and still more of inexact thinking; and the writing is, in some parts, very clumsy, especially in the dialogues, which are preposterous. An example of clumsiness might, we dare say, be found on every twelfth page, but one or two instances will explain our meaning. Of course it is difficult not to be clear when the bulk of a book is made up of sentences like this:—"The banker locked the doors of both these splendid apartments and gave the keys to his housekeeper." But, even when the matter of the writing is so simple, we have frequent instances of carelessness:—"He stopped, as he flung aside the window-curtain, arrested by Mrs. Powell's uplifted hand." Now this would pass in a magazine or a newspaper, because a journalist writes under pressure and even reads proofs under pressure; but the author of this story should, in reprinting it, have revised the above sentence, and made it—"As he flung aside the window-curtain he stopped, arrested by Mrs. Powell's uplifted hand." This, however, is mere grammatical clumsiness. Let us take an example of another kind:—"While they were searching in every direction for this missing link in the mystery of the man's death, the parish constable arrived." Some of our readers, and even some critics, would exclaim, "What, in the name of wonder, is wrong here?" But let them look again. We have here a metaphor tagged on to an abstraction, and the sentence is, strictly read, utter nonsense. There is such a thing as a link in a chain of facts, or inferences tending to clear up or to complicate a mystery. But what is a "link" in a "mystery"? If the author of "Aurora Floyd" de-pises the sort of carelessness which would exclude this sort of blundering, why, so much the worse for the author; for such writing is just what will shut books out of the highest circle of readers. But, besides, the same slovenliness of mood which admits of these slips admits of others about which there can be no difference of opinion. For instance, on p. 298 of vol. ii, we are told that Conyers (now dead) "had looked out upon the beautiful world, weary of its beauty, only a few hours before." But we have already been told (on p. 216) that the half-idiotic Softy had "some glimmer of that light which was altogether wanting in Mr. James Conyers. He felt that these things [features in natural scenery] were beautiful. . . . They were not altogether a meaningless jargon to him, as they were to the trainer." Now, a man cannot become weary of what he cannot see. Here and there, however, in "Aurora Floyd" there is plenty of strong perception, and the author has taken the mere question of power, or mental energy, out of our hands. The books which bear the same name on the titlepage seem to us to point to great natural abilities struggling towards true and sometimes high poetic forms. In estimating the force of the tendency upwards we have first to allow, and largely to allow, for obviously imperfect literary culture, and a recklessness or awkwardness which looks as if it would always stand in the way of the best manner. The question arises at once, What chance does a nature which has so little of the student in it stand of profiting by the finest models even when it shall have recognised them? Then one cannot miss being conscious of a certain pervading sensuousness or worldliness of tone; one feels every now and then that the struggle upwards (as we have called it) is snapped off short, and that the author is not quite of a clear mind that the Maker of the world is a match for the Marrer of the world. For instance, on page 39 of vol. iii, we are told that a base, murderous half-Indian had "conquered Aurora, as the dogged, obstinate nature, however base, however mean, will always conquer the generous and impulsive soul." This notion will not only not cohere with any theory of life in which such words as God, Love, and Duty are words with meaning; but it will not cohere with the noble words of the author about love on page 33 of the same volume; which we shall quote immediately. An exact thinker would have avoided this and other incoherencies; and yet it is quite possible, nay, probable, that the author of "Aurora Floyd" will not see at a glance how the contradiction is made out. Errors of another kind can, however, be brought home easily. It is surely incredible that Aurora should have felt astonished (vol. iii, p. 229) when told that people suspected her of the murder. Her first thought, unless she was a fool, must

have been that she *would* be suspected. We may mention, as an example of carelessness, that the author appears to be under the impression that English law allows a woman a divorce for the infidelity of her husband. This mistake occurs in two passages, and, considering how very simple the law is upon that subject, and how frequently appealed to it is rather curious that it should be misunderstood by a writer who is obviously acquainted with the world.

Aurora Floyd had for father a banker, and for mother an actress who died in giving her birth. At seventeen years of age she married her father's hand-ome groom, went abroad with him, remained with him for a year, and then quitted him because he was unfaithful. She then came home to her father, who was led to believe that her "husband" was dead. Young and beautiful, she had many "offers." But there was a year of her life which she used to refuse to account for. She had a secret, and would not give it up, even when she herself believed her "husband" was dead. Talbot Bulstrode would not marry her because she kept that cupboard locked; John Mellish didn't care for the skeleton, but, loving her dearly, and trusting her wholly, *did* marry her.

The groom, meanwhile, was not dead and turned up as a horse-trainer in Aurora's husband's service, having under him a half-witted brute, nicknamed "Softy," whom Aurora had occasion to horsewhip one day for cruelty to her good old dog. Besides this nice person Aurora had an enemy in the housekeeper, Mrs. Powell. In order to induce the groom to go abroad and hide, Aurora gave him £2000, which she had obtained from her father, in bank-notes. Softy overheard the conversation in which she made the bad man that little present, and found an opportunity of shooting the bad man and taking possession of the bank-notes. Then come the brutalities of the inquest, clouds of suspicion between Aurora and her husband, and so on. Talbot Bulstrode, who has gone and married Lucy, Aurora's cousin, steps in to the rescue, and gets Aurora to co-operate with a detective for the purpose of finding out the real murderer; a detective having been sent up by the Scotland-yard people, whose suspicious had, by a kind letter from Mrs. Powell, been turned upon Aurora. The first clue obtained consists in a brass button found on the scene of the murder—a button off Softy's waistcoat, and what with the waistcoat, and what with the bank-notes, it is easy to foresee that the poor wretch will be hanged, and Aurora live happy ever after. That, in fact, is the end of the story of "Aurora Floyd." We have already said what we think of it as a story, and will only add that the character of John Mellish, the man who can allow the woman he marries to keep the locked cupboard under his very eye, is so noble as *not* to be spoiled by the crude handling which it gets in the novel. Yet it should not be overlooked that there is a good deal of downright superficial coarseness in this book. Aurora is a very vulgar woman. It would have been quite sufficient to tell us, on pp. 244-5, that she had closed an envelope lightly, because hastily; but we are informed, with great elaboration, that she "fastened the gummed flap with her lips. . . . and liberally moistened" it.

The passage about love, to which we have referred, is to the tune of Shelley's

True love in this differs from gold and clay,  
That to divide is not to take away,

and amounts, in fact, to saying, that

REAL AFFECTION IS INEXHAUSTIBLE.

Her love for her husband had not lessened by one iota her love for that indulgent father on whom the folly of her girlhood had brought such bitter suffering. Her generous heart was wide enough for both. She had acknowledged no "divided duty," and would have repudiated any encroachment of the new affection upon the old. The great river of her love widened into an ocean and embraced a new shore with its mighty tide; but that faraway purity of childhood from which affection first sprang in its soft infantine source still gushed in crystal beauty from its unsullied spring. She would, perhaps, scarcely have recognized the coldly-measured affection of mad Lear's youngest daughter—the affection which could divide itself with mathematical precision between father and husband. Surely love is too pure a sentiment to be so weighed in the balance! Must we subtract something from the original sum when we are called upon to meet a new demand? or, has not affection rather some magic power by which it can double its capital at any moment when there is a run upon the bank? When Mrs. John Anderson becomes the mother of six children she does not say to her husband, "My dear John, I shall be compelled to rob you of six-tenths of my affection, in order to provide for the little ones." No; the generous heart of the wife grows larger to meet the claims upon the mother, as the girl's heart expanded with the new affection of the wife. Every pang of grief which Aurora felt for her husband's misery was doubled by the image of her father's sorrow. She could not divide these two in her own mind. She loved them, and was sorry for them, with an equal measure of love and sorrow.

This strikes us as being almost the only bit of moral criticism in the book which is unquestionably good. But we cannot go the round of the author's scraps of philosophy; and will only add, in the way of dispraise, that a careful revision of this novel would, among other things, expunge a few of the "my poor darlings."

*Barrington.* By CHARLES LEVER. Chapman and Hall.

As a mark of affection towards Beatrice and the Fornarina, Dante once painted an angel, and Raphael wrote a "century" of sonnets. To mark a distinctive adoration men will do much. To please modern mistresses, Mr. Williams, M.P., might advocate increased expenditure, and Mr. Bright, M.P., make war for an idea. They might do so, but they have not, being possibly married men already, or too full of State affairs to "pop" any "question" except to Mr. Speaker, and only consenting to be asked "what are their intentions" by excited constituencies instead of anxious papas. But, although a respectable public can scarcely complain of such disinterested policy, it would, nevertheless, be greatly for the welfare of variety in art if some of our public men would form romantic attachments. It is by no means to be recommended that our painters should turn poets, and our poets transmute themselves into painters; but taking the Dante-Raphael principle in a modified form, it is only reasonable to conclude that a new object of affection might call forth a new variety of art. An instance of the value of such vacillation is before us. Mr. Charles Lever has been so constant to his original Lares and Penates, that, for a period not far short of a quarter of a century, he has absolutely never once deemed it necessary to attempt a change of style or subject. From "Harry Lorrequer" to "Barrington" all has been perfectly level and uniform, and of a value well appreciated by every reader who could enjoy extravagantly good spirits, together with literature of a far superior class. All has been Irish, and generally one-half about Ireland; whilst it has ever been difficult for the writer to touch London or to avoid the Continent. The only resemblance to a break in this chain of fidelity occurred in the year of revolutions, 1848, and might be therefore accepted in the light of something to be put down. And, indeed, the attempt at something new has not met with much encouragement. "The Diary and Notes of Horace Templeton, late Secretary of Legation at the Court of —" was published anonymously, and did not sell. Mr. Templeton was a dying man, and he accepted office abroad to amuse him whilst dying. Mr. Lever was professionally a physician, and adding to the implied knowledge his command of graphic art, he made one of the most painful books ever written. Templeton is seen to be dying by inches—seen as clearly as if a glass-plate occupied the position of bones and pleura. Most minds shrink from seeing a surgical operation, even in print; and it was scarcely to be expected that six hundred pages of gurgling in the chest would be in great request at the circulating libraries. It was not. It was too mild for the lovers of sensation, too strong for the nerves of calm readers; and since that time Mr. Lever has simply reverted to his red wrappers, unspectable heroes, old majors, devilled kidneys and claret, pre-posterous leaps, coolness about duelling, and women who never know how to make up their minds, when they happen to have any. It is, however, but justice to say that these old materials are always worked up into a fresh combination. The same piece of glass will be recognised in the kaleidoscope, but it is assisting to form at least a variety of the old pattern; and a variety more poetical and less grotesque every time the instrument is turned. College chums and young dragons used to be depicted to the life. These young fellows would thrash the bursar, play cards and cornepoppas all day, go to Government balls disguised as old ladies, and, indeed, indulge in every kind of practical buffoonery which every young gentleman's

manners should be without. They would eat spatch-cock, drink claret, and sing songs, until all must have been many colours but blue. Then they would save people's lives by the score, and take the most desperate of leaps. The elderly gentlemen were always old boys. Instead of robbing henroosts Major Monsoon would rob convicts. The old boys never forgot that they had been young themselves. The young ladies were always either utterly unsophisticated innocents or charmingly boisterous dandies, who generally had to teach the men the way. It was the literature of animal spirits. Gravity was unknown. Two and two might have made a fancy number; four would have been considered far too straightlaced. The Duke of Wellington played grin jokes, and the Great Napoleon was made the unintentional victim of a lithe Lieutenant's leapfrog. Everybody was the hero of some ridiculous anecdote, and everybody was always being quizzed until everybody's sides were always cracking with laughter. A kind of real life, but seen under the influence of laughing-gas. The whole would wind up with deeds of startling daring, gallant deaths in the field for the unsuccessful lovers and misanthropes from all causes, and happy marriages and fortunes for the young scapegraces, and the young ladies who have had but little more than a shadowy existence throughout four-and-twenty long monthly instalments.

As Mr. Lever progressed, he used much the same people with much the same results. But the characters became more human and matured as they came to be seen by a more mature eye; the laughing-gas was suffered to escape, and flesh and blood descended from the empyrean to the surface of the earth. As far back as "The O'Donoghue" a political interest was excited, and a picturesque and historical handling given of the state of Ireland, court and village, at the time of the Union. Several times since Mr. Lever has evinced a desire to go more deeply into life and manners, into the inward workings of the mind rather than to externals, than consists in the wildest recklessness of boyhood or the heartiness and claret-drinking of matured years. But though the characters seem to have come from an older mint, and are invested with much shrewd everyday metaphysics, they have always been the same; always Irish, and, latterly, tinged with a chivalrous courtesy which but few writers have ever touched half as well.

There is no distinctive mark about "Barrington," the latest of Mr. Lever's series of popular fictions; therefore, our remarks have been principally confined to what Mr. Lever is and has been. Barrington himself, who, as principal character, must be called the hero, is an old man of eighty-three, who has ruined a splendid property through expensive lawsuits, principally in endeavouring to obtain from the East India Company a fortune of a quarter of a million sequestered by them from his deceased son George. Barrington, in his necessity, has been compelled to take a country inn, to which, and to the neighbourhood, arrive by degrees various people who have known George, and especially one, Major Saplyton, who holds the key of the entire mystery. This gentlemanlike villain, by means of many forged deeds, has been the occasion of the company not favouring old Barrington's claim, although it appears that the India House is not altogether ignorant of the forgeries. In the end—need it be described?—all comes right. Saplyton is disappointed in his scheme of marrying the deceased George's daughter, Josephine, in case of which he would well know how to procure the money from the company; he is arrested for an intended duel, examined for something like an attempted murder during the military suppression of a Manchester riot, and then detained on the forgery charge. He shoots himself, is taken to the hospital, and is then suffered to escape; for his intended victim in the riot proves to be a Moonshoe with whom he had been closely connected in India, and who is able to prove everything connected with the recovery of the estate. The reader will easily imagine the splendid young soldier whom Josephine marries, and Josephine herself, a half-caste, who, after a conventional education at Bruges, settles down most amiably to life amongst the Irish. Old Barrington himself is extremely well drawn, full of vigour and chivalry, and hospitable to an extent that his limited means could not possibly bear. The very name of "Polly Dill" is sufficient to indicate Mr. Lever's established country girl, who leads the chase, hunts for lovers, and secures a good one. As has been said, there is all the old material—no need to run over the old list of quaint old ladies, rough, but good-hearted sons and brothers, high-class fashionables, village doctors, &c. Sometimes there are many pages which are hopelessly minute in analyses of events and feelings. They can always be passed by, and the story further on in no way from being taken up some three or four pages further on. Such passages may be lifelike, but they are like that life which is far too tedious to be endured in type. But what is not lifelike is such a fact as a reduced Irish gentleman taking an inn; and nobody in his senses could believe for an instant that the lion, East India Company would have connived at a forgery, even for a quarter of a million sterling. Indeed, almost all that relates to the real story is far too vague and romantic to impress itself as being in any way gifted with that vitality expected by all novel-readers. But it is not for his storytelling proper that Mr. Lever was ever read. He excels in extraneous passages of character, humour, or pathos.

Miss Dill's passages of love-making, and her attempts at coaching her stupid brother for the College of Surgeons, are in Mr. Lever's best style; and many more incidents might be referred to as evidence that years have not injured his vigour, whilst experience has given him singularly-increased literary power, and a philosophy which could emanate only from the very finest feelings. But the youthfulness has departed—upon which fact readers may moralise for themselves.

Mr. Hablot Browne's etchings might interleave any one of Mr. Lever's books. A state of the heart similar to that indicated above might do material service to the conservation of his artistic fame. The vignette itself displays a young lady, on an aul horse, "showing the way" to the hunting-field.

## FINE ARTS.

MR. SELOUS' PICTURE OF "THE CRUCIFIXION."

This large picture, which is now exhibited at Messrs. Jennings gallery in Cheapside, is a singularly good example of how a painter of considerable abilities may fail in attempting to paint a subject which is altogether out of his *métier*. Mr. Selous possesses the faculty that has been so well described as *futal*. His capable brush leads him to rush in where "angels fear to tread," and the result is, that he produces a picture which he is pleased to think represents that grand event which has stirred the heart of Christendom for nearly two thousand years. To do this he enters on his task with the notion that a sublime theme demands an immense canvas. He fills this with hundreds of figures of races and creeds, and amongst them he chooses to introduce such figures as he considers to be typical of the parables of Christ—such as Dives, Lazarus, The Prodigal, &c. The pathetic element which could not have been absent, however, is so far forgotten that the Maries are painted more as beautiful and picturesque women than as heartbroken worshippers. The Apostles are treated in the same subversive style, so as to look well; and the terrible scene of the Crucifixion could scarcely have been painted in a more feeble and insignificant manner. In fact, the artist seems to have contemplated one of the most solemn and grandest subjects of art in the humour of a decorative painter. If we are to estimate the work apart from the subject, we can say it is a cleverly-executed picture, with many good figures, in that happy compromise of historical truth as to race and costume in which painters of this stamp are so universally pleasing. The view of Jerusalem is as correct, architecturally, as many of Martin's well-known works; and the rest of the scene, the hill of Calvary and the mountains in the distance, are not remarkable for more accuracy. The picture is, we observe, to be engraved, for which purpose probably it was originally designed.

THE SENTENCE OF TWELVE MONTHS' SUSPENSION passed upon Dr. Williams, and the Rev. H. B. Wilson, two of the writers of "Essays and Reviews," will be carried out, no notices having been served, on the part of the rev. defendants, to carry any appeal before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.



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